

# The Sketch

No. 1047.—Vol. LXXXI.

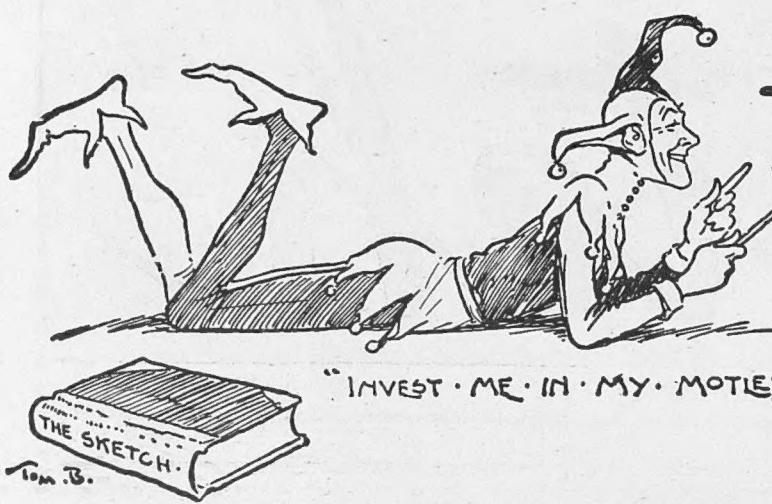
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



DEBUSSY'S "L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE"—SHOWING M. NIJINSKY: DUE FOR PRESENTATION BY THE RUSSIAN BALLET ON MONDAY LAST.

The Russian Ballet arranged to produce "L'Après-midi d'un Faune"—music by Claude Debussy, "book" by Stephane Mallarmé—at Covent Garden, on Monday evening last, Feb. 17.



An Immortal Picture.

The tragedy of the Antarctic, as I write, fills the public mind to the exclusion of all smaller things. Every adult person of the least intelligence and imagination has vividly before him that last scene on the awful, blizzard-swept fields of ice. You do not need the descriptive writing in the newspapers to conjure up the picture for you. Almost as clearly as though you had been an eye-witness, you can see the small tent, the gaunt, dying men, and hear the savage storm howling about them. You can see Captain Scott writing those last few words in his diary with fingers trembling from weakness: "Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale; but surely, surely, a great, rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent upon us are properly provided for."

But the greatest picture of all, I think, is the picture of Captain Oates going out into the blizzard to die that he might no longer be a burden on his companions. "Oates said, 'I am just going outside, and I may be some time.'" Wonderful words—"I may be some time." Here is the opportunity for a great painter to commemorate for ever the sacrifice of Captain Scott, Captain Oates, and their companions. Just the man stumbling out into the wild waste of snow and ice, and his three friends gazing after him. "I may be some time." There is the only title.

#### The Value of Tragedy.

It is the great tragedies of the world that sweeten and ennable the world. It is the tragedy in our own lives that makes us fit to mingle with our fellow-creatures. The people who shut their eyes and their ears to the tragedy of life soon become useless to the world. Tragedy purifies and uplifts—that is the value of tragedy.

I was very greatly struck with some remarks of John Masefield's in his preface to "The Tragedy of Nan." Perhaps I may be allowed to quote a passage. "Tragedy at its best," says Masefield, "is a vision of the heart of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exalting and cleansing. It is only by such vision that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things exulting and eternal."

"Commonplace people dislike tragedy because they dare not suffer and cannot exult. The truth and rapture of man are holy things, not lightly to be scorned. A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deathly path across history."

Strong words, finely put together. It is deadly true that commonplace people dislike tragedy, but, fortunately for the welfare of mankind—I almost wrote "progress," but I never feel that we can really lay claim to that—commonplace people cannot escape such tragedies as the great tragedy of the Antarctic.

**"The B.O.P."** I read with sincere regret of the death of Mr. George Andrew Hutchison, the founder and editor of the *Boy's Own Paper*.

Somewhere, amid a welter of countless papers, I have a small, oblong envelope. It is addressed to me in a small, firm, rather spiky hand—the hand of George Andrew Hutchison, I believe. That envelope contained the proof of the first article of mine that was ever accepted, printed, and paid for. I shall never forget the thrill with which I gazed upon it. I sincerely thought, when the article was at last published, with my name at the head, that all the world must have heard of me. I was only a schoolboy at the time—hence

# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

the marvellous effect. I knew, quite suddenly, what was meant by "walking on air." I felt that I was a being quite distinct and apart from my school-fellows. I must have been insufferable, but they forgave me all when the cheque arrived. Schoolboys are the honestest snobs in the world.

Dear old *Boy's Own Paper*! I had the weekly edition, in yellow wrappers (after the paper attained to the dignity of a wrapper). The swells, the fellows with rich parents and heaps of pocket-money, had the monthly edition, which cost sixpence, and had a brown wrapper. You got a wonderful coloured plate with that, which opened and opened. "A Dog with a Bad Name" was the serial, and we all worshipped the name of Talbot Baines Reed. Why? Because his people were human, I suppose, and talked and behaved in a simple human way.

#### The Disappointed Reporter.

"Among eleven young men in grey ulsters, grey tweeds, and grey caps it was difficult for the curious to distinguish which was the Prince of Wales, and the Prince certainly did nothing to assist them in their search. Just like all the rest of the Magdalen men, he bought an evening paper, talked a moment with the newsboy, smoked a cigarette, and sprinted with his bag down the platform when the train arrived."

In this simple paragraph, taken from one of my daily papers, you have several items of real importance, friend the reader. In the first place, take the words, "and the Prince certainly did nothing to assist them." Here we note the retiring character of our future King. He might have worn a coronet instead of a cloth cap; he might have turned to the spectators and cried, "I am the Prince of Wales!" But no. Nothing of the sort. He behaved just like an undergraduate!

Item the second—"He bought an evening paper." Are you not glad to discover that our future King takes an interest in the events of the day? True, he might have bought the evening paper merely for the football results, but let us dismiss that possibility from our minds.

Item the third—"He talked a moment with the newsboy." What did he say? "Is this the latest?" Perish the thought. He must have said, "Can I do anything to further your welfare, my little man?"

Item the fourth—"He smoked a cigarette." This I refuse to believe.

Item the fifth—"He sprinted with his bag down the platform when the train arrived." Here, in reality, we have two items. "He sprinted down the platform." One might have expected that our future King would "proceed" down the platform with a sedate and elderly mien. But he sprinted! Having legs, and sound legs, he used them! Marvellous!

"When the train arrived." Not, you will observe, before the train arrived. In olden days, I daresay, it was the custom of young Princes to hurl themselves into vehicles that were not there, so to speak. Our Prince evidently knows better. He is not so impetuous. He actually waits until the train arrives before making the slightest attempt to get into it. That is the wisdom that one learns at Oxford.

O Sidelighter on the Great, I thank thee!

#### Courtship and First Cousins.

"I would rather," said the Rev. A. G. Langdon, "know that one of my youthful parishioners is miles away on his bicycle courting on Sunday evening than know that he is in church listening to my sermon for the pleasure of holding the hand of his first cousin."

But what if the youthful parishioner miles away on his bicycle on Sunday evening is courting his first cousin? They do, I am told.

## DECADENT OR DECOROUS? GRIZZLY-BEAR AND TURKEY-TROT.



1. THE SECOND FIGURE OF THE TURKEY-TROT.

3. THE FIRST FIGURE OF THE GRIZZLY-BEAR.

2. THE THIRD FIGURE OF THE TURKEY-TROT.

4. THE THIRD FIGURE OF THE GRIZZLY-BEAR.

5. DIAGRAMS OF THE GRIZZLY-BEAR AND THE TURKEY-TROT—ON THE LEFT, THE FOUR FIGURES OF THE GRIZZLY-BEAR; ON THE RIGHT, THE THREE FIGURES OF THE TURKEY-TROT.

*Continued.*

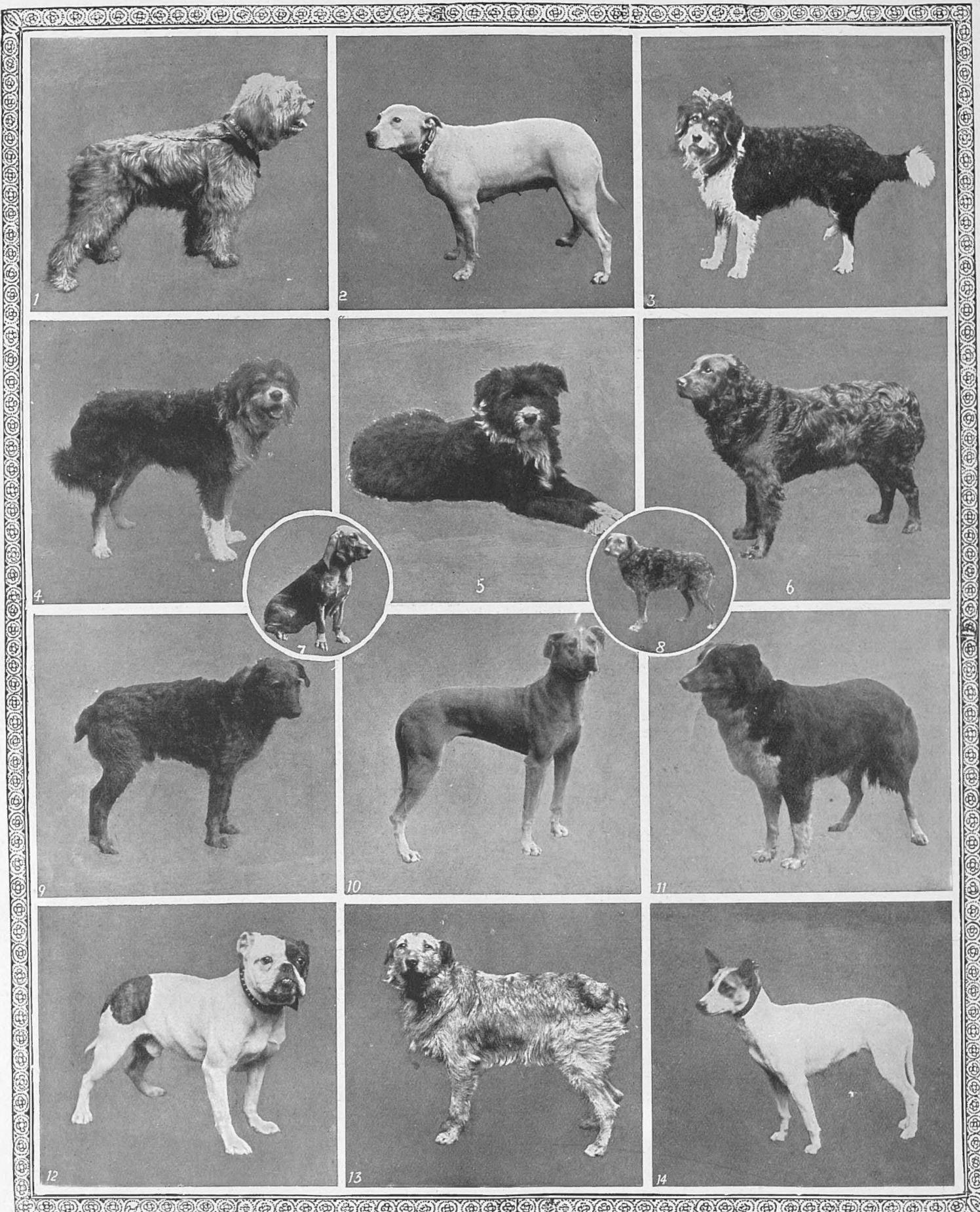
a modified form of cake-walk, which is seldom, if ever, danced now. The Grizzly-Bear which is now being danced I consider simply absurd, though it is very fascinating to dance. It is simply the imitation of the walk of a bear, generally danced to half-time. The Boston—who could possibly call the Boston unfit for a ball-room? Do we dance for pleasure, or do we dance to be thoroughly exhausted and made somewhat giddy, which happens in the old-fashioned waltz? The Boston of to-day is danced to half-time, and the run takes off the monotony of the waltz. Nothing looks nicer or more graceful, in my opinion, than to see a couple dancing the Boston properly."

(SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

THE Grizzly-Bear, the Sunny-Hug, the Turkey-Trot, and other such dances have come in for very much criticism of late, and have had heaped upon them insults expressed in the mildest form by the word "decadent." Readers of the "Daily Telegraph," in particular, have been "rubbing it in" to those who favour the new style, and such headings to letters as "Ineptitude and Vulgarity," "Extraordinary Capers," "Pleasure or Exhaustion?" have been

*[Continued below.]*

## THE CRUX OF CRUFT'S: DOGS THAT DESERVE THE V.C.



1. ROVER. 2. WHITE EAGLE. 3. WATCH. 4. DUKE. 5. A DOG RESCUED FROM A MINE. 6. TUDOR.  
7. SHEBA QUEEN. 8. PADDY. 9. NELL. 10. BESS. 11. BIGLIS GRISSEL. 12. BASHER. 13. CHARLES. 14. RUBY.

As mentioned in our article on another page, the post of honour at Cruft's Dog Show was given to the class of Canine Heroes. Brief details of their brave deeds may be given as follows. Rover, who belongs to Mr. B. R. Jeffers, the lighthouse-keeper on Straw Island, Galway, rescued a sailor from the sea at the wreck of the steam-trawler "Hector" on Nov. 5, 1911.—White Eagle, a bull-terrier, saved a child from drowning in the river at Ipswich last August.—Watch drove away a ferocious gander that might have killed a baby boy at Eagery, near Bushmills.—Duke, a Scotch collie, saved a child from being run over at Dunfermline last August.—No. 5 is an unnamed dog rescued from a disused Cornish mine by a boy named J. H. Thomas.—Tudor, a retriever, saved a drowning boy from the dock at Orwell last August.—Sheba Queen, a bloodhound, helped to track the daughter of the Rev. W. T. Goodrich, of Potter Hanworth, when she was lost last July.—Paddy, an Irish terrier, guarded the body of an old lady in Coxithill Wood.—Nell, a terrier, saved the inmates of the Britannia Inn, Guildford, by giving the alarm at a fire on Sept. 30, 1912.—Bess, a Great Dane, gave a similar alarm at a fire in Worship Street, E.C. on Dec. 12, 1912.—Biglis Grissel, a collie, saved a drowning child on Wandsworth Common last October.—Basher, a bulldog, gave warning of a fire on Oct. 14, at the Braich Goch Hotel, Corris, North Wales.—Charles, an Airedale collie, saved his master, a policeman, at Hull, from a Norwegian sailor who tried to stab him on March 24, 1912.—Ruby, a fox-terrier, attracted attention to a man kicked by a horse in a stable-yard at Blackpool on Aug. 18, 1912, and thus saved him from further injuries which might have been fatal.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, AND PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS, ONLY SON OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND—FOR NOT HIDING THEIR AFFECTION AND FOR WALKING HAND-IN-HAND IN CARLSRUHE ON THE DAY OF THEIR BETROTHAL.

As we have occasion to note elsewhere, under studio portraits of Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia and Prince Ernest Augustus, the German Emperor's only daughter and the Duke of Cumberland's only son were formally betrothed the other day at Carlsruhe; thus, it may be presumed, was ended the Guelph-Hohenzollern feud which began in 1866. On Thursday of last week the newly engaged pair, accompanied by the German Empress, reached Berlin, and were met by the Emperor. Four squadrons of the Zieten Red Hussars, in which Prince Ernest has been given a commission, were drawn up with the Guards for escort duty. The people in the streets accorded a very hearty welcome. It is being pointed out that thirteen is evidently the Princess's lucky number. She was born on Sept. 13, was betrothed in 1913, and made her entry into Berlin on Feb. 13. The Prince and Princess are here seen at Carlsruhe on the day of their betrothal—with Prince Oscar of Prussia.

*Photograph by Record Press.*

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
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<p><b>MACMILLAN.</b> A Necessity of Life, and Other Stories. Betty van der Goes. 6s.</p> <p><b>WERNER LAURIE.</b> Every Man's Desire. Mary Gaunt. 6s.</p> <p><b>MURRAY.</b> Widecombe Fair. Eden Phillpotts. 6s.</p> <p>HODDER AND STOUGHTON. East of the Shadows. Mrs. Hubert Barclay. 6s.</p> <p><b>Witching Hill.</b> E. W. Hornung. 6s.</p> <p>NASH. The Sailor whom England Feared. M. MacDermott Crawford. 7s. net.</p> <p>CHAPMAN AND HALL Songs of Three Counties. Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall. 2s. 6d. net. The Golden Woman. Ridgwell Cullum. 6s.</p> <p>PARENTAGE. Gladys Mendl. 6s. Nelson in England. E. Hallam Moorhouse. 10s. 6d. net.</p> <p>The Beacon Watchers. Violet A. Simpson. 7s. 6d. net.</p> <p>The New Freedom. Dr. Woodrow Wilson. 7s. 6d. net.</p> <p><b>WIELAND.</b> The Book of Lies. 2s. Book Four. Frater Perdurabo and Soror Vizaham. 1s. net.</p>	<p><b>LONG.</b> The House of the Other World. Violet Tweedale. 6s. The Turn of the Tide. R. Penley. 6s.</p> <p><b>WARD, LOCK.</b> The Foundling. Paul Trent. 6s.</p> <p><b>HEINEMANN.</b> John Christopher: Journey's End. Vol. IV. Romain Rolland. 6s. With the Turks in Thrace. E. Ashmead-Bartlett. 10s.</p> <p><b>STANLEY PAUL.</b> Western Men with Eastern Morals. W. N. Willis. 5s. net. The Strolling Saint. Rafael Sabatini. 6s.</p> <p><b>METHUEN.</b> The Beloved Enemy. E. Maria Albanesi. 6s. Unconventional Molly. Joseph Adams. 6s.</p> <p>YEAR BOOK PRESS. Songs of the Dead End. Patrick MacGill.</p> <p><b>AYRES.</b> Ayres' Lawn-tennis Almanack, 1913. Edited by A. Wallis Myers.</p> <p><b>PALMER.</b> Married. August Strindberg. 6s.</p>
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### SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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### THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MISS CICELY HAMILTON'S new comedy, "A Matter of Money," given by the Pioneer Players, brings out with much power an unromantic aspect of the popular drama of husband, lover, and wife. As a rule, on the stage money does not enter into the question, and an elopement is rarely hindered by want of the means to pay board, lodging, and clothes, even if the railway-fare can be paid. The dramatist has handled her theme very ably, and produced a strong play with a curious vein of grim humour in the last act. If a little compressed, the work might succeed very well upon the ordinary stage. Perhaps the character of the lover, the struggling general practitioner with wife and child, who gets drawn by passion into a hole-and-corner intrigue which threatens ruin in divorce proceedings, is not very finely composed. One is inclined to think that the Dr. Channing of the drama would have succeeded in resisting temptation, particularly seeing that the sin in the case of a doctor is peculiarly heinous; but I am saying nothing against the very able performance of Mr. Ben Webster in the part. Miss Sarah Brooke played the naughty wife very unevenly: sometimes, particularly in the last act, her work was of admirable quality; Mr. Moffat Johnson represented the rather too obnoxious husband very well. A delightful child-actress—Miss R. Belmore—made a hit; and Miss May Whitty gave a very fine performance as the doctor's wife.

Mr. H. V. Esmond's new farce at the Criterion, "Eliza Comes to Stay," has not very much that is new about it. The idea of the plain and dowdy girl developing in a short space of time into the fascinating beauty has been worked so often that there is little left to be said about it at this time of day. For what it is worth, Mr. Esmond has made something of it. He has the light touch required for such things, and there is humour in his dialogue; and as Miss Eva Moore has a part which suits her well, and does not mind appearing for a part of the time as an example of the awful difference which is made in a woman's appearance if the hair and dress are wrong, the little play seems likely to contribute to the gaiety of London for some considerable time.

That most modern and very delightful little comedy, Mr. Stanley Houghton's "The Younger Generation," which has been running at the Haymarket for almost a hundred performances, will now be found at the Duke of York's, with Mr. Stanley Drewett, Miss Ada King, and the rest of the admirable company in their old parts. Also there will be found there Mr. W. J. Locke's clever curtain-raiser, "An Adventure of Aristide Pujol"; but in place of Mr. Barrie's "Rosalind," there is now his wonderful comedy, "The Twelve Pound Look," seeming, however, rather less wonderful than it used to seem. This is owing to the fact that the leading part is played by Miss Kate Moffat, who was an excellent Bunty, but has neither the manner nor the temperament of Mr. Barrie's heroine.

After waiting since 1864 for production, Ibsen's great drama, "The Pretenders," saw the footlights at the Haymarket the other evening, and playgoers can now judge whether the literary critics have been justified in girding at our managers for neglecting the tragedy. Certainly, if one may judge by a first-night reception, the managers have been unwise, for the audience was enthusiastic, and seemed greatly impressed by the moving, eventful story, and the wonderful pictures of old Norwegian heroic figures drawn with undeniable genius by the poet-philosopher-dramatist. And the dramatic critics, as a body, are on the side of the play. No wonder, for none of them has seen a new work in which poetic conception is carried out with such masterly skill, in which action and great ideas are combined so successfully; in which such great acting parts are endowed with real psychology. Indeed, the parts, on the whole, are rather greater than the excellent acting, which in several instances missed the glow of inspiration. The one that came nearest to triumph was Mr. Haviland's performance as the almost satanic figure of Bishop Nicholas, the man who, out of pure malignity, tried to stir up endless strife in Norway. Mr. Haviland really gave a terribly impressive picture of the old man torn between desire to save his soul and also to wreck the world. He was remarkably successful in giving a note of subtlety where a weaker actor might have been melodramatic. The character of Earl Skule, the hesitating man of ambition, is of extraordinary richness and range, and one could hardly hope that every aspect would be fully shown by Mr. Laurence Irving: nevertheless, if the actor at times seemed somewhat over-portentous in manner, and if, too, towards the close, he appeared rather tired and exhausted, he played many passages magnificently, and throughout gave an able, thoughtful rendering. Mr. Basil Gill was dignified and impressive as King Hakon, if uninspired; Mr. Ion Swinley played admirably as Peter; and Jatgeir, the bard, was well presented by Mr. Guy Rathbone. Miss Madge McIntosh, Miss Helen Haye, and Miss Tita Brand all acted beautifully as the gentle, large-souled women of the drama. The mounting is picturesque, and Mr. Norman O'Neill has written some impressive, dignified music. I think that the work will give pleasure to almost every kind of playgoer.

**CAPTAIN SCOTT IN CLUBLAND—TABOOED GAMES OF CHANCE—MEXICAN MEMORIES.****The Loss of Captain Scott.**

The grief at the death of Captain Scott in the frozen Antarctic is not only the sense of a great national loss, but it will be felt personally by a very large number of men of the clubs, for Captain Scott was a favourite with every man who met him, and not only did his duties as a Naval officer bring him into contact with many men in the Services, but his lecturing tours made him also very widely known throughout the length and breadth of England. He was a typical Naval officer, and his cheerfulness and modesty and resourcefulness, and the firm set of his mouth, remain as memories to me of the gallant sailor whom I met sufficiently often to be able to claim as a pleasant acquaintance. It adds to the pathos of his fate that when the news came his wife was on her way to New Zealand, hoping to welcome her husband back safe and sound from the perils of the frozen South.

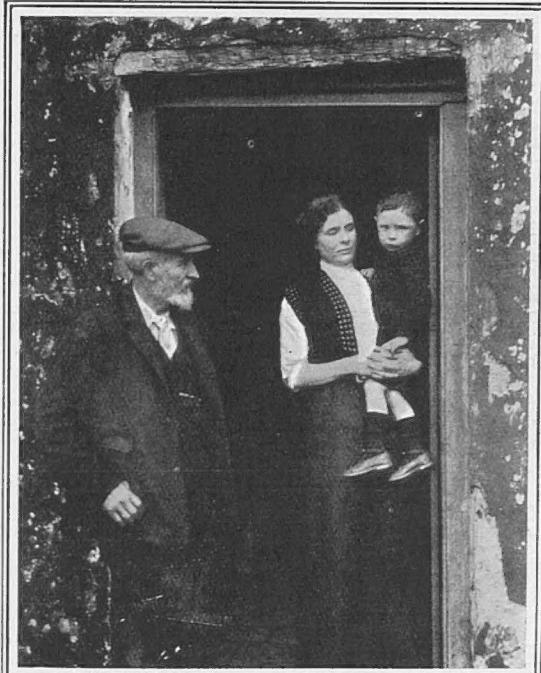
**A Game of Skill.** The Recorder at the Old Bailey has given his decision that a whist drive is a game of skill, and not a game of chance, when two persons remain as partners through the whole of the contest. Of the harmlessness of whist drives there has never been, I fancy, any question, but there has been question as to their legality, and a decision against them was given in cases in which partners as well as tables were changed. In Clubland, whist drives are unknown, and therefore the question of their legality does not disturb the serenity of Piccadilly and St. James' Street and Pall Mall. In all books of club rules, games of chance are absolutely forbidden. Some of the games permitted to be played are set down, while sometimes a certain number of games are pilloried as being forbidden. From one book of club laws, I cull the following games as being black-listed: "Ace of Hearts, Faro, Basset, Hazard, Passage, Roulette, Baccarat, all games of dice except Backgammon, and all other games of mere chance." In the compiling of club rules the organisers of any new club generally take the rules of some club of long standing as a model, and thus it comes that such games as Basset and Passage are sternly forbidden, though I doubt whether one clubman out of ten thousand could say how either of these games is played. Faro is only heard of to-day when some gaming club in Soho frequented by foreigners is raided. Baccarat, as all the world knows, is played nowadays in London gaming-houses, which are not clubs, because admittance is only by invitation; but the police raids on these establishments have frightened quite a number of their supporters, who find gaming safer at Monte-Carlo and Nice than in the squares and crescents of the West End of London.

The grief at the death of Captain Scott in the frozen Antarctic is not only the sense of a great national loss, but it will be felt personally

**The Trouble in Mexico.**

Ex-President Porfirio Diaz, who is wintering in Egypt, must think regrettably of Mexico City in the days when it was under his strong hand. When he was President, it seemed as though Mexico had finally found a stable government. An English traveller visiting

the courteous old man in his palace in Mexico City was assured by him that he had no enemies. "How is that?" asked the visitor, and the President made reply in the softest possible tones, "I have killed them all." When General Madero dared to stand against Porfirio Diaz as a candidate for the Presidency he was promptly clapped into prison, and as many of his supporters as came within reach of the Government also found themselves in the cells on election day. Then Madero started a revolution in the Northern States—a revolution which it was generally believed was financed by American speculators—and succeeded in ousting Diaz from the Presidency. The old Mexican fighter, who has Indian blood in his veins, was not sorry for some reasons to be obliged to leave Mexico, for his doctors had told him that his health necessitated a visit to one of the German baths, and his present sojourn in Egypt is part of the after-care to his treatment. He may yet find himself once again President of the Mexican Republic.



"I HAVE THIS CONSOLATION; HE DIED BRAVELY": MRS. EVANS, WIDOW OF PETTY OFFICER EDGAR EVANS; HER YOUNGEST SON; AND HER FATHER, MR. BEYNON.

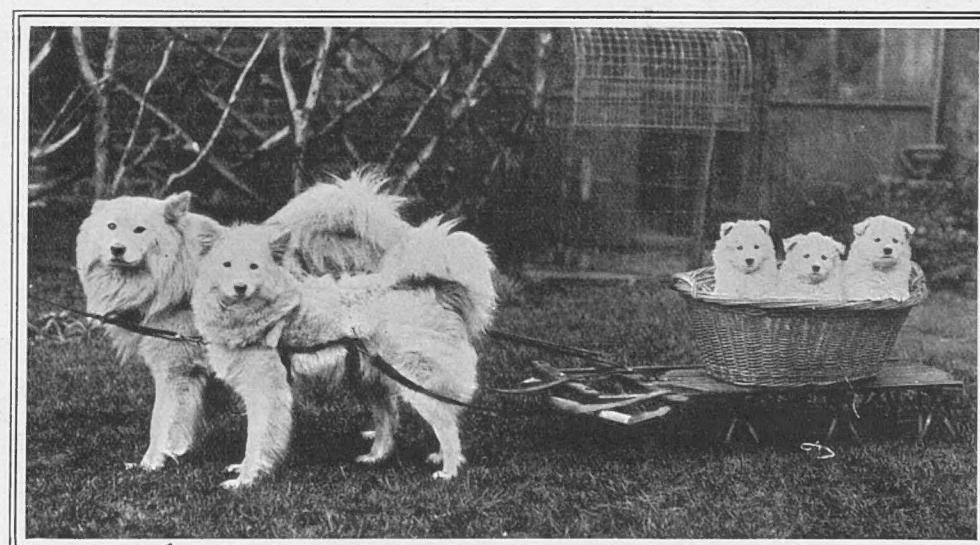
AT PILTON FARM, GOWER, NEAR SWANSEA.  
Petty Officer Edgar Evans, of the ill-fated Scott Southern Party who perished during the return from the South Pole, died, of concussion of the brain, on February 17, 1912. He was the "strong man" of the explorers. His widow has said: "I have this consolation; he died bravely, and, it seems, did not have to undergo that suffering that the other members of the party went through." The Admiralty have announced that Captain Scott and Petty Officer Evans will be regarded as having died on active service; thus their widows will receive special pensions.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

**Honest Rebels.**

When General Madero took up the reins of government, some of the claims he was called upon to settle were those preferred by British and American capitalists against the Government for injury done to property by Madero the Revolutionist and his followers. Very much the same causes that stirred up a revolution against President Diaz soon stirred up a revolution against President Madero. In the mountainous parts of Mexico, the revolutionists are as safe from Government troops as were the guerillas in Spain from the French troops during the Peninsular War.

A band of Revolutionists, two or three hundred strong, swoops down upon some great farm and levies toll in money and horses and cattle. By the time the troops have arrived the Revolutionists and their spoil are a hundred miles away. The Revolutionists are up to date and make use of the railway as much as possible. One band of these robbers seized a train on the railway which runs through the disturbed districts, and ordered the engine-driver to take them up the line to a mine they wished to raid. The



69311 Germany

**THE BREED WHICH GOES POLE-SEEKING! SAMOYEDE DOGS AT HAMPSTEAD.**

The correspondent who supplies this photograph notes: "It is perhaps not generally known that a special club—the Samoyede Club of Breeders—exists in England for the breeding of those dogs upon which Polar explorers depend to so great an extent. The Kennel Club now puts the Samoyedes in a class by itself upon its register, and the club is busy settling a standard for breeders." The photograph shows Champion Koska and Sasha, with a sledge-load of puppies, at Mrs. Cammack's Hampstead kennels.—[Photograph by C.N.]

journey was safely made, the mine duly robbed, and the Revolutionists, when they had completed their journey to the place from whence they came, paid the authorities of the railway their return fares.

# SMALL TALK

**W**ITHIN twenty-four hours of the receipt of the news of the South Pole tragedy, Sir Edgar Speyer had formed his committee, made his appeal, and ensured a fund sufficient for all possible requirements. His task, as treasurer, has since been lightened by the decision of the Government to look after the needs of the bereaved; but the interval gave Sir Edgar the opportunity of proving the splendid briskness of his methods. The Napoleon (with a German accent) of the London traffic combine, he has, behind the scenes, a passion for pictures and philanthropy; and, though he cannot tell you offhand which "service" takes you to the North Pole, for all Arctic and Antarctic adventure he has a great admiration.



THE ONLY LADY RAILWAY-DIRECTOR IN THE UNITED KINGDOM: THE HON. ELAINE JENKINS.

Miss Jenkins, younger daughter of Lord Glantawe, is a director of the Swansea and Mumbles Railway Company, attends the Board meetings regularly, and usually figures as the proposer or seconder of important resolutions. She has just recovered from a serious illness contracted while travelling abroad. She was born in 1879.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

That the American "sleeper" would not be "agreeable to English temperament and habits" is one dark saying with which Mr. Morton, M.P., and his associates in the movement for the reform of our system of nocturnal travel are met. And certainly the Briton is peculiarly impatient of any relaxation of the normal state of affairs in his neighbours' wardrobe. Shirt-sleeves are anathema with him, and he would rather keep his gloves on than wash hands in public. Once when the late Lord Russell of Killowen was

*Third Class Members of Parliament M.P.s.*

who are agitating for third class sleepers generally live about two hundred miles from the House. The rest are indifferent. "But why on earth travel third?" asked a Member who has just built himself a house in Westminster, and motors the five hundred yards to his seat when it looks like rain. "Because there's not a fourth," pipes Mr. Morton in reply, as if there were no class to which he would not aspire, though the numbers ran up to twenty.

travelling in a railway-carriage it was suddenly invaded by "bookies" from a racecourse. The day had been tiring, and one man hastened to remove his boots. "Put on your boots, Sir!" thundered Russell, when he saw what had happened. The man paid no attention, and the order was repeated, with a like result. Then the Lord Chief Justice lifted the boots from the seat beside him and dropped them out of the window.

"Mine, I believe," capacity for furs. Even Mrs. Asquith's voluminous coat was forgotten, and nearly lost, in one; and last week Lady Feodora Gleichen's muff was whirled off when she alighted from her cab at St. James's Palace, after having driven no farther than from St. James's Court. Having failed to recover her muff from Scotland Yard, she relies upon a published appeal, backed by the offer of a reward, for its return to "Lady Feodora Gleichen at St. James's Palace." That is more interesting than the usual invitation to restore lost treasure "to the hall porter," or care of a solicitor's office.

*Lenten Entertainment.* Lenten Granard has, as we foretold, decided that Lent is a proper season for the somewhat penitential joys of political entertaining; and her large "at-home" at Forbes House was fixed for the 20th. But while she, for the present, eschews less formal kinds of festivity, many other hostesses keep the balls rolling. Dances, announced with a certain air of apology, are being given every few nights at the Ritz; and there are two fixtures for the 25th: Lady Florence Hare's in Grosvenor Gardens, and Mrs. Lionel Walron's at the Piccadilly Galleries. "Quite small affairs, with only a few young people present," is the phrase, however big the scene of action.



ENGAGED TO MR. RANDLE WILLIAM CECIL:  
MISS ALICE CUNNINGHAM.

Miss Cunningham is the younger daughter of the Rev. W. L. Cunningham, Rural Dean of Tynemouth, and Vicar of St. Augustine's, North Shields. Mr. Cecil is the eldest son of the Rev. Lord William Cecil, brother of the Marquess of Salisbury, and Rector of Bishop's Hatfield, Rural Dean of Hertford, and Honorary Canon of St. Albans.

Photograph by Topical.



JUST AWARDED THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEDAL: MISS MARY MURRAY.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR EDWIN SAUNDERS DAVIES:  
MISS ELSIE GARRARD.



DAUGHTER OF SIR FREDERICK MILNER, Bt.: THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW.

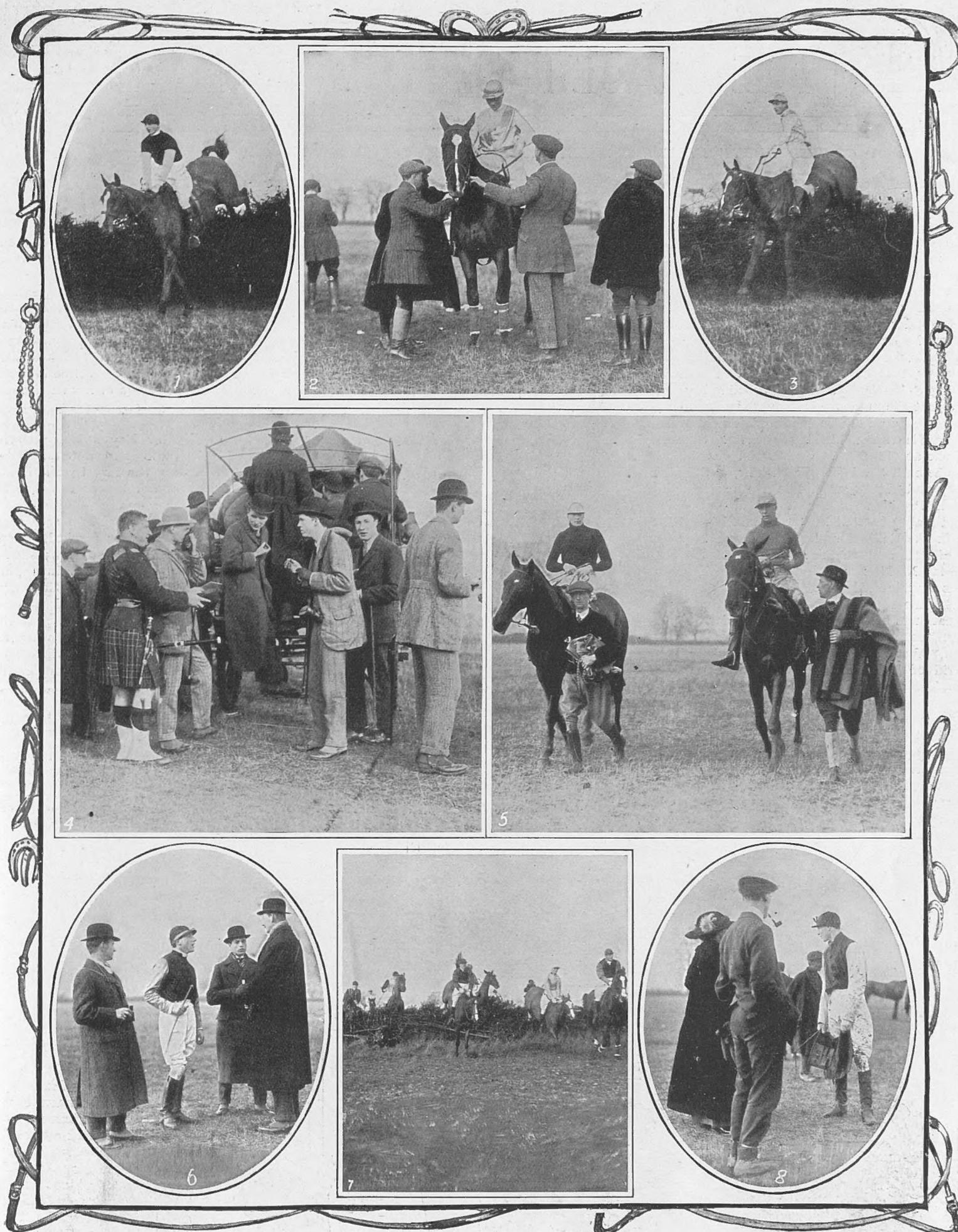


TO MARRY MR. HUGH RAIKES THIS MONTH:  
MISS ROSILDA A. KNOX.

Miss Murray, who has just received the South African War Medal for services during that war, is head of the Salvation Army Naval and Military League. She is the daughter of the late General Sir John Murray, K.C.B.—Miss Elsie Garrard, of White House, Wokingham, Berks, is to marry Major Edwin Saunders Davies, of the Army Pay Department, son of the late Mr. A. H. Saunders Davies, of Pembrokeshire, this month.—Victor Alexander John Hope, second Marquess of Linlithgow, was born on September 24, 1887, and succeeded in 1908. In 1911 he married Miss Doreen Maud Milner, younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick George Milner, seventh Baronet.—Miss Knox is the second daughter of Major and Mrs. Raikes, of Spring Hill, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire. Mr. Raikes is the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Raikes, of Arrow Court, Alcester, Warwickshire.

Photographs by L.N.A., Esme Collings, Rita Martin, and Swaine.

## “OXFORD RIDERS BLITHE”: NEW COLLEGE ‘CHASERS.



1. THE NEW COLLEGE GRIND CHALLENGE CUP RACE: SPRACK LAD, THE WINNER (MR. A. E. GRANT UP) TAKING THE LAST JUMP.  
 2. WINNER OF THE MAIDEN RACE: LORD EDNAM ON GOLD MOHUR.  
 3. THE WINNER OF THE MAIDEN RACE: GOLD MOHUR (LORD EDNAM UP) TAKING THE LAST FENCE.  
 4. AN EXTRA EVENT: A SCOTTISH PIPER ENTERED FOR THE “BAWBEES” PLATE.
5. AFTER THE OLD MEMBERS’ RACE: LEVERET, SECOND (MR. E. R. HANBURY UP) AND HESPERUS MAGNUS, THE WINNER (MR. H. THOMAS UP), RETURNING TO SCALE.  
 6. A COMPETITOR IN THE MAIDEN RACE: COUNT ARNIM STEIN, WHO RODE EXETER.  
 7. THE ‘VARSITY OPEN RACE: THE FIRST JUMP.  
 8. WINNER OF THE NEW COLLEGE GRIND CHALLENGE CUP RACE: MR. A. E. GRANT.

The New College Point-to-Point Steeplechases took place the other day at Weston-on-the-Green, near Oxford. The winner of the New College Grind Challenge Cup Race, Mr. A. E. Grant, rode his own mount, Sprack Lad. Viscount Ednam, who won the Maiden Race on Gold Mohur, is the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Dudley. He was born in 1894, and went up to Oxford from Eton. He is a Lieutenant in the Worcestershire Yeomanry.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

## A CO-RESPONDENT IN THE CABINET: A BYE-ELECTION FOUGHT ON A DIVORCE CASE.

Trust the Critics. You may look upon titles of plays from several points of view. Sometimes they are merely catchpenny things like the short phrases in big type at the beginning of each paragraph of these brilliant articles, and have very little to do with the case, and sometimes they are mere identification labels; and again, now and then they form a kind of swift description of a play and a sort of judgment or criticism. Into which category ought we to put "Trust the People," the title of the new work by Mr. Stanley Houghton? I think in the last, but I wonder what is the author's judgment or criticism? Does he think that the electors of Blackshaw, in the County of Lancaster, were wrong, or does he believe they were right in refusing to re-elect John Greenwood? My feeling is that the audience is supposed to condemn the people, but I am on the people's side, which, of course, is a splendid thing for them. Suppose we look at the facts. Greenwood was the son of some mill hands at Blackshaw, and by his energy and ability, at middle age he had made himself President of the Board of Labour—a post amiably created by the dramatist—with a seat in the Cabinet and £5000 a year. What sort of a man do we find? A successful Lancashire lad? No; a well-dressed man living in rooms magnificently furnished, sporting a butler, with a fine taste in cigarettes, with the speech and manners of—Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Obviously, the mill-hands' son, ashamed of his origin, must have had lessons in elocution to get rid of his burr, and in deportment from some Turveydrop, so as to wear his clothes and walk about like a swell. When he went in for debauchery he must have an intrigue with the wife of a captain in the Army; when he wanted to get married he chose the daughter of a Marquess with a seventeenth-century title. Who can wonder that the good folk of Blackshaw, when he sought a vote of confidence in himself because he was going to be co-respondent in an undefended divorce case, repudiated him—that the stubborn Radicals of the district did not think that kind of man, even if embellished by a scandal, was the right sort to be their Member, or to represent Labour? Yet we had John Greenwood raving at his townsmen and shouting at them unceremonious terms, such as, "hypocrites, humbugs."



THE FIANCEE OF THE BOARD OF LABOUR CRATIC PAPA: MIS LADY VIOLET AINS MUSGRAVE AS THE CARICATURED

## A Papier-mâché Hero.

A Papier-mâché Hero. His downfall would be a great pity if John Greenwood were a real man, but he is only a *papier-mâché* hero, and yet Mr. Houghton made his reputation by representing real people, and so one sees the

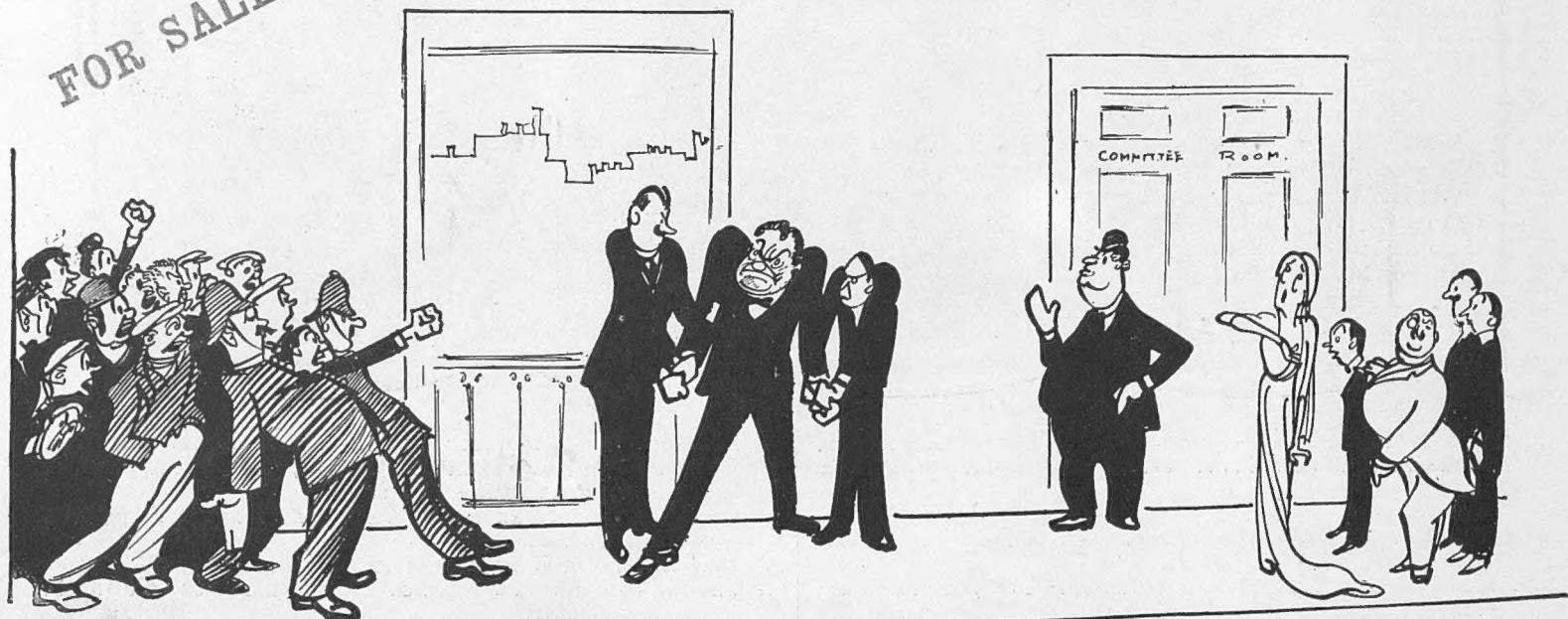
consequences of writing about things that are off your beat, and coming into competition with the clever play-manufacturers who never condescend to employ their knowledge of actual life. "Trust the People" seems like a play made to order, with a part written to suit an actor-manager; and it is only in a few scenes during the last act that one recognised the handiwork of the man who wrote "Hindle Wakes" and "The Younger Generation." The play threatens to become a success. There was plenty of laughter and applause at the end of the first act; the political humours went with a bang, and some were delighted at the subtle humour of causing a forged telegram to be sent from "Limehouse." If Mr. Houghton had caused the Prime Minister to say "Wait and see," some of my neighbours would have died of laughter.

**A Jumble Play.** Now let us look at the piece from another point of view, and, concealing the fact that it is not a play of real life, that the author has stooped to conquer, and knows very well—quite as well as I do—the defects of his play, let us see what it is. A bright first act, quite farcical, except for one or two little bits of melodrama; then a fairly ingenious plunge for an act into pure melodrama, with a heavy villain in the shape of a grotesque Conservative peer, and a forged telegram, a lying telephone message, and the customary excitement in the theatre when an author presents his hero waiting whilst the election votes are being counted—though not, indeed, the excitement that one feels during Mr. Barrie's brilliant presentation of this in "What Every Woman Knows." For the third act—a sudden return to the real, Lancashire

shire soil, in touching which the author, like an Antæus, gains strength, and the play becomes an agreeable piece of domestic Lancashire humour; to wind up, a sudden assembly under incredible circumstances of all the chief parties, and a happy-ever-after ending. One might describe it as experiments in several styles, and the author is successful in each. The acting is not quite a matter to thank heaven for. Miss Viva Birkett is a charming, pathetic figure as the heroine; Mr. Thomas Sidney plays cleverly as the Welsh Chief Whip; Mr. Weguelin acts very well in the first act; Mr. Herbert Bunston is amusing as the incredible Prime Minister. Still, there is nothing noteworthy about the performance, and no one showed any signs of being inspired by his part. I almost forgot to mention Mr. Bourchier, who impressed the audience by his straight performance as the hero.

THE FIANCEE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LABOUR AND HER ARISTOCRATIC PAPA : MISS VIVA BIRKETT AS LADY VIOLET AINSLIE, AND MR. KENYON MUSGRAVE AS THE MARQUESS OF CHEADLE.

CARTOONED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



JOHN GREENWOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LABOUR, IS DEFEATED—AND IS NOT PLEASED: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS THE SELF-MADE CABINET MINISTER, IN THE ELECTION SCENE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "TRUST THE PEOPLE."



A TENSE MOMENT IN POLITICAL CIRCLES—OF THE FUTURE: CABINET MINISTERS IN DIFFICULTIES, AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Stanley Houghton's new play, "Trust the People," is running at the Garrick Theatre. The action passes in the future. Concerned in it are various members of the Cabinet of the time—notably John Greenwood, President of the Board of Labour; the Earl of Eccles, Secretary of State for Wales; and Sir James Harvey-Macpherson, the Prime Minister. The lower drawing on this page shows (from left to right) Mr. Thomas Weguelin as the Earl of Eccles, Mr. Arthur Bourchier as John Greenwood, Mr. Herbert Bunston as the Prime Minister, and Mr. Thomas Sidney as Morris Johns, Chief Government Whip.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



# IN THE GREAT WORLD

## LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY.

**L**ONDONDERRY HOUSE has been having busy evenings. Last week the German Ambassador and Princess Lichnowsky had a first dinner there, and to meet them were gathered the Duchess of Westminster, with a score of German adventures and a German relative to discuss; Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the cosmopolitan; Lord Middleton, of famous table-talk; Mrs. Bischoffsheim, faithful as ever to bridge and London; Lord Selborne, without the wife who is still without a vote; and Priscilla Countess Annesley, whose carriage and countenance are more than ever suggestive of the only artist entirely fit to paint her. But he died a century and a quarter too soon, and his name was Gainsborough.

**The Londonderry Dinners.** There were a score of other people at Lord and Lady Londonderry's table that night; but one figure in particular, "a noticeable man with large grey eyes," tall and slightly stooping, may well have seemed to give purpose to the evening. If in a sense Mr. Balfour is one of the lost leaders, he finds himself again in Londonderry House. It is associated with a dozen crises (commoner things in a politician's life than in another man's) of his career; and no Society gathering can lay the ghosts of past Cabinets and Councils that fill its chambers. Lady Londonderry might bring a dozen Duchesses into her drawing-room, but it would be essentially Party territory all the same. The dinner for the German Ambassador and Princess Lichnowsky was also Mr. Balfour's.

**In Leading Strings.** In the same way, when, at a few nights' interval, Lady Londonderry made up another dinner, Mr. Bonar Law gave his blessing to the board. The whole company, which included the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Earl of Durham, Viscount Helmsley, and Sir Ernest Cassel, had a sufficiently Conservative *cachet*. But Lady Londonderry does not let the atmosphere she lives in grow stuffy with "shop." She knows too much about the open sea to tolerate a Park Lane of very narrow horizons. A poet, a painter, a rare critic; a rarer Liberal, and an abundance of lovely women unfretted with affairs of State are the dinner-table distractions she provides for weary chiefs, and, perhaps, partly for herself.

**Famously Beautiful.** Yachting has been something very near a passion with her; and she herself has caught the stateliness of a tall racer. Meredith, when he would impress you with the way his heroine enters a room, made her "swim"; Lady Londonderry "sails." The phrase is stale; but it suits her too well to be abandoned. Famously beautiful, her features have the neatness of well-built bows; her face is clear-cut as a cutter; her lines

more shapely than a liner's. Before the days of musical comedy, and the arrival of the Maida Vale type of beauty, the photographs of Lady Londonderry filled the shop-windows of Mayfair.

With Lady Warwick and Mary Anderson she was worshipped in large editions of "cabinets" and "midgets," and took her place as a matter of course in the nation's albums. Since then the nation has grown frivolous. Her beauty remains statuesque in the era of Post-Impressionism and Rag-Time.



THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Charles Stewart Vane-Tempest-Stewart, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O., C.B., sixth Marquess of Londonderry, was born on July 16, 1852, and succeeded in 1884. He holds various positions in the Territorial Army, is an A.D.C. to the King, and Lieutenant of County Down. He has held, amongst other appointments, those of Chairman of the London School Board, Postmaster General, President of the Board of Education, Lord President of the Council. In 1905 he was President of the Committee on Education in Scotland. Further, he has been Mayor of Durham, M.P. for County Down, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Lieutenant of co. of City of Belfast. He was A.D.C. to the present King when attending the marriage of King Alfonso XIII. of Spain. In 1885 he assumed, by royal license, the additional and principal surname of Stewart. In 1875, he married Lady Theresa Helen Chetwynd-Talbot, daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]

fortunes of the family of her adoption. Our own Lady Londonderry is sometimes a little sad that she has never been called upon to do the same. Her husband's affairs are desperately secure; there is the greatest possible danger that they will never be endangered. But in other ways Lady Londonderry has played her part to the full. A daughter of the late Lord Shrewsbury, she married before she was twenty, and her father's jest about "The Taming of the Shrewsbury" was, like most family jests, wide of the mark. She was soon at work; a difficult period at Dublin Castle as Vicereine was followed immediately by the political life of London, with Wynyard Park, and English and Irish charities into the bargain. Having taken a deep and practical interest in educational matters, she received the Court appointment of Senator of Queen's University of Belfast; she is a Lady of Grace of St. John and Jerusalem, a leader in the Irish Industries Association, indefatigable at reading and Newmarketing; and the author of "Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh." Her receptions, owing to the battalions of the Conservative Party, are overcrowded, complains, in commiseration, her friend, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. But no matter how overcrowded they may be, Lady Londonderry seems to know, as by a miracle, every guest, and can chat accordingly. It was a trait much admired in her by a good judge, Edward VII.

**Father and Son.** To the wilder Celt, the mildness of Lord Londonderry's manner has been found infuriating. His reserve, which may sometimes conceal a sneer, works like an insult on the headlong enthusiasts of Erin. But, for all that, he came out of a trying time at Dublin Castle with more than a Lord Lieutenant's usual share of popularity. He remains a whole-hogger among Imperialists despite Mr. Hogg's success in Derry. During his term at the Post Office, Sir John Henniker Heaton was the disturber of the peace, but, for all that, the Peer and the Penny Postman were friends. As President of the Board of Education and Chairman of the London School Board, Lord Londonderry undertook some of the most arduous and least exciting work that was going; but Lord Castlereagh, at any rate, affords him unmixed satisfaction. If ever his interest in office-work flagged, the Conservative keenness of a son and heir revived him.

## FUTURE POLITICIANS! "TRUST THE PEOPLE," AT THE GARRICK.



1. AFTER JOHN GREENWOOD HAS TRUSTED THE PEOPLE TO RETURN HIM AGAIN, AND HAS BEEN DEFEATED: THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LABOUR AND LADY VIOLET AINSLIE, HIS FIANCÉE, MEETING AFTER THE POLL.

2. WHEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LABOUR IS LIKELY TO FIGURE AS A CO-RESPONDENT: THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE CHIEF GOVERNMENT WHIP DISCUSS WITH JOHN GREENWOOD THE QUESTION OF RESIGNATION.

John Greenwood, President of the Board of Labour, is in danger of figuring in the Divorce Court as co-respondent, and it becomes a question as to whether or no he shall resign. He arranges that he shall put the whole position to his constituents—that is to say, trust the people, and is confident that they will again return him. In point of fact, and partly because, by a trick, his fiancée is persuaded to speak on the Opposition platform, he is defeated. In the end, matters are smoothed out to a considerable extent. The chief figures in the first photograph are Mr. Bourchier as John Greenwood and Miss Viva Birkett as Lady Violet Ainslie. In the second are (from left to right) Mr. Thomas Weggelin as the Earl of Eccles, Secretary of State for Wales; Mr. Bourchier as John Greenwood, President of the Board of Labour; Mr. Herbert Bunston as Sir James Harvey-Macpherson, Prime Minister; and Mr. Thomas Sidney as Morris Johns, Chief Government Whip.—[Photographs by Ellis and Walery.]

# CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS



ENGAGED TO MR. ROGER JOHN KINLOCH BARBER-STARKEY : MISS EDITH VICTORIA LEGARD.

Miss Legard is the daughter of Colonel Sir James and Lady Legard, of 24, Elvaston Place, and Welham, Malton, Yorkshire. Mr. Barber-Starkey is of Aldenham Park, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, and Knockshannoch, Glen Isla, Forfarshire.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

laborious processes of a German education. Her own learning is considerable, and when she went to the Tower of London during her visit to this country, she made the heads of her English companions whirl with the variety, not of her questions, but of her information. "Let me be your Baedeker," she said to a London girl who, naturally, had not been to the Tower before. But Princess Louise's school-books never monopolised her. As a girl she had her own pony-cart and saddle-horses for daily use in the Thiergarten, her regular courses of concert, theatre, dressmaking, and, above all, a great deal of the Kaiser's company. They have often risen at uncourtly hours to watch the dawn together; and she, for one, holds that their joint half-holidays did more for her than fifty tutors.

*The Playmates.* Indeed, it is together that they shine. The Kaiser's natural boisterousness of spirits is ill-concealed at the worst of times; but the responses to it made by Court and staff are necessarily more perfunctory than a daughter's. She is young and charming, and a favourite wherever she goes; and he can

be gay in the face under an awning with burgomasters—in other words, anywhere. The wife of an American diplomatist who made an untimely call at one of the German royal residences declares that the sound she associates with the Kaiser's household is one of smacks, from behind a door, through which his Majesty presently appeared, apologetic and exhausted. The Kaiser of the Council Chamber can, at need, be as

iron as his grandfather's Chancellor; but claps and yells of laughter are the characteristics of the domestic scene.

A "Winged" Canard.

A short time ago it was reported that the Prince of Wales would be present at the dance to be given for the Kaiser's daughter. "It will be the most interesting event of our time," commented an evening paper; and no footnote instructing the man in the Tube to read between the lines was needed. The Prince himself saw the strange thing; and a companion, turning to him, asked, with a laugh, "Don't you feel impell-melld to



TO MARRY MR. ALEXANDER RUSSELL BIRCH.

MISS DOROTHEA BAGGALLAY.

Miss Baggallay is the elder daughter of Mr. Ernest Baggallay, Metropolitan Police Magistrate, of 4, Egerton Gardens, and granddaughter of the late Lord Justice Baggallay, and the late Sir Walter Wyndham Burrell, Bt. Mr. Birch, of Madras, is the son of Mr. Horace Birch, late of Calcutta.—[Photo. by Kate Pragnell]



WITH TWO OF HER CHILDREN: VISCONTESS HELMSLEY.

Viscount Helmsley is the son of the late William Reginald, Viscount Helmsley, who died in 1881. Viscountess Helmsley, whose marriage took place in 1904, was known at that time as Lady Marjorie Greville, daughter of the fifth Earl of Warwick. Lord and Lady Helmsley have three children—the Hon. Charles William Slingsby, born in 1906; the Hon. David William Ernest, born in 1910; and the Hon. Mary Diana, born in 1905. The Earl of Feversham, Lord Helmsley's grandfather, has one son living, who is unmarried.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

he never said the unkind thing ascribed to him by an interviewer—he never said that the Cabinet Ministers of real life (and he knew

five of them) were less stately than the Cabinet Ministers made by Mr. Houghton. He goes further, and corrects the unkind into kind things: his five Ministers are all witty, dignified, and good. If this does not clear the mystery of their identity, a glance at certain club-lists will be sufficient to show the connection in several cases between the holders of portfolios in Downing Street and Mr. Bourchier.



ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT LAW : MISS STEWART EVANS.

The marriage of Miss Evans, daughter of the late Thomas Evans, of Huyton, Lancs, and of Mrs. Stewart Evans, of Bovingdon, Herts, and Mr. Robert Law, of Toward, Argyllshire, is to take place shortly.

[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN OLIVER HUNT : MISS AMY MURIEL KILNER.

Miss Kilner is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mason Kilner, of Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park. Mr. Oliver Hunt is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Oliver Hunt, of Grey's Lodge, Torquay.

[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



ENGAGED TO MR. J. J. BURKE COLE : MISS MAY W. BERNARD.

Miss Bernard is the daughter of the late Mr. Percy Bernard, of Castle Hacket, Galway, and cousin of the Earl of Bandon. Mr. Cole, of the Rifle Brigade, is the son of the late Major Cole, Dragoon Guards, and Mrs. Herbert Studd.

[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

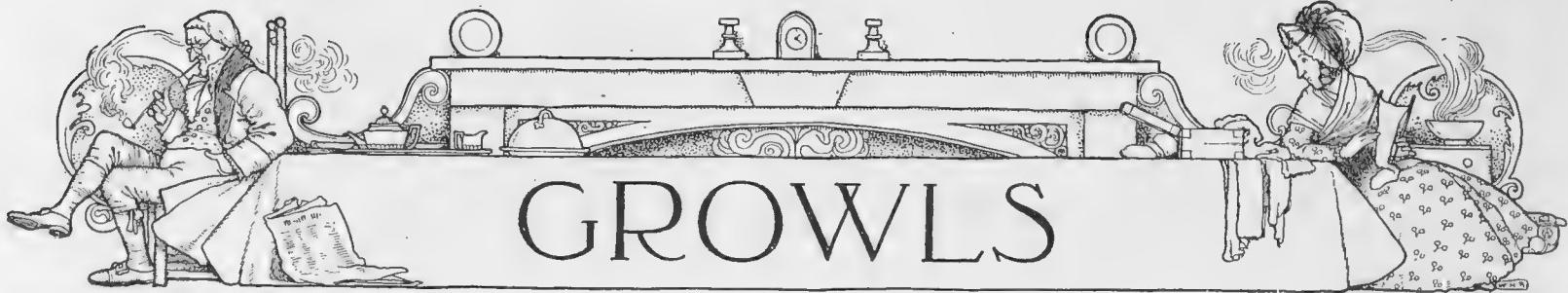
SKATERS WELL KNOWN IN THE ENGADINE — AND LONDON:  
ON THE ICE AT ST. MORITZ.



1. MR. H. J. CLARKE, A SKATER WELL KNOWN AT PRINCE'S.
2. MISS GRAVES SAWLE, AN HABITUÉ OF PRINCE'S.
3. MRS. WATSON LOW, WELL KNOWN AS CURLER AND SKATER.
4. THE COMTESSE DE LONYAY (PRINCESS STÉPHANIE OF BELGIUM—IN THE CENTRE); COUNTESS MATUSCHKA; AND ROSS, A PROFESSIONAL AT THE KULM.

5. THE GRAND DUKE ANDRÉ OF RUSSIA (ON LEFT) WITH ROSS.
6. M. JEAN RIBES, WELL KNOWN AT ST. MORITZ AS SKI-RUNNER AND SKATER.
7. MISS MABEL LOVE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.
8. MME. MANCIO, WINNER OF THE RECENT WALTZING COMPETITION AT THE KULM.

The photographs given on this page were taken, specially for "The Sketch," at that world-famous winter resort, St. Moritz, to show some of the skaters there who are well known in the Engadine and, in a good number of cases, in London also.



## THE EXTORTION OF THE STATE, OR GOVERNMENT BY GUM.

LET me make myself perfectly clear. I am no revolutionary. The Constitution, taken as a whole, is quite good enough for me, and I can say that there are very few of our laws which I find it necessary or convenient to break. Just tell me what the law on any subject is and I shall only endeavour to evade it if I am convinced that I have eminently strong grounds for so doing. But it does not follow that I consider the law to be above criticism, and when I find it guilty of a petty meanness I hold myself entitled to cry aloud in protest. And I consider the receipt-stamp to be a contrivance unworthy of a great nation. In the first place, I object *in toto* to adhesive stamps. I don't like the picture on the front, and I loathe the flavour at the back. When I write letters I exercise my privilege as a free and independent citizen, and use envelopes which have stamps embossed upon them, and decline to employ my tongue, which is an unruly member, for the undignified purpose of moistening the mucilage on stamps of the rectangular variety. When, however, somebody pays me money—a thing which happens at unduly elongated intervals—the law allows me no such freedom of action and insists that I shall go through this degrading process. It is all very well to say that there are other ways of making a stamp adhesive than by licking it with the tongue. I am perfectly aware of the fact, but I am equally aware of the fact that human nature does not permit of the employment of such alternatives. Tell a human being to affix a stamp and he instinctively and automatically licks it, and there is the end of the matter. My case is that he ought not to be put to such compulsion, and that the law which so compels him should be repealed instanter.

## The Meanness of It.

of the law which can only result in scorn and derision. The moment the law gets wind of the fact that my attenuated and exiguous income has been increased by a sum exceeding two pounds, down it swoops and demands that I shall hand over a penny of it. The incredible meanness of this! Here am I, an unpretentious and plodding worker, who have with the expenditure of a blend of the midnight oil and the sweat of the brow evolved the number of works requisite to entitle me to receive the sum of two guineas, and immediately the whole artillery of the law is brought to bear on me, and I am gruffly informed that only by the handing over of one penny of my newly earned

increment can I hope to escape the displeasure of the powers that be. Who was the pettifogging harpy who invented this abhorrent piece of extortion I know not, but the conception has no rival for smallness and rapacity. I have no objection to a penny being extracted from me when I draw a cheque. In the first place, one is not constrained to lick and stick; and in the second, when one is paying away, say, five pounds, one does not feel or mind expending five pounds and a penny. But to pounce on one flushed with the new joy of receiving a sum which will assist him to keep body and soul together for a yet further space, and to subject him to the attentions of the entire machinery of the law, to the end that he may be mulcted of a contemptible copper coin, is a singularly revolting performance.

## Its Destination.

I might be to a certain extent mollified if I could only feel that my pennies were being turned to good and useful account. I would submit without a murmur if, for instance, I could feel that in doling out these microbe-haunted coppers, I was doing my part in the maintenance and expansion of the British Empire and was helping to preserve Britannia as the Pride of the Ocean. I would pay with a better grace could I tell myself that my contribution was going to keep a Judge of the High Court in a condition of comfortable and unclouded longevity. But I cannot be assured on any of these points, and I know no means of finding out.

As the matter stands, my disbursements may, for all I know, go towards the payment of a weekly wage to a policeman who will to-morrow rouse me to a pitch of boiling fury by holding up my taxi on the way to a railway station, or they may go towards the provision of a salary for a Member of Parliament who holds political opinions diametrically opposed to my own, and whom I regard as a wolf in sheep's clothing and a traitor to the land which gave him birth. I think the reader will agree with me that this is a state of things that should not be tolerated for another hour. I cannot conceive that there is one British citizen who contemplates the present régime without intense dislike, and would not like to see it relegated to the limbo of the discredited and the disused. Even he who has fallen a victim to the gum-mania must feel that oppression and greed are stalking naked through the land, and he must be prompted to cry to the heavens for reparation and reform; and I hope that I have but to call attention to this national disfigurement to raise a general outcry which will sweep from our midst what is an insult and an outrage to an intrepid island race.

Photographs by Captain Haigh.



6817 Germany  
IN WEEK-DAY AND IN SUNDAY CLOTHES: A NATIVE GIRL OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The correspondent who sends us these two photographs says of them: "They represent the same lady clothed and otherwise, and illustrate how far religion has sunk into the average natives in this part of the world! On Sunday the girl is most devout, and goes to five services; in the week she not only discards her Sunday clothes, but is distinctly ancestral in her behaviour." The photographs in question come from South Africa.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

But this objection is merely aesthetic. My main point is that the whole proceeding displays an amount of grasping greed on the part

of a blend of the midnight oil and the sweat of the brow evolved the number of works requisite to entitle me to receive the sum of two guineas, and immediately the whole artillery of the law is brought to bear on me, and I am gruffly informed that only by the handing over of one penny of my newly earned

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!



I.—THE MAN WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHEN HE'S HAD ENOUGH.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

## FIVE O'CLOCK

## FRIVOLITIES



## NEXT STATION—MALAY: A FIVE-TO-SEVEN PEREGRINATION.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*

"I AM off to Malay," I said to Germaine; "but I shall be back for tea, and if I am not quite back, please pull me by the sleeve."

She promised. The train was taking us, not to Malay—besides, one goes there by boat, I believe—but to Nice. On the small, shaky

table in front of me lay an open envelope with a red oblong stamp, out of which bounced a tiger, fierce and magnificent. A letter from Malay! Now, I know no one in Malay, and only the country itself very vaguely—Malay. . . .

"Where malaria comes from," suggests Germaine, as ever frivolous. Only a passing telegraph-pole saw my smile.

May I quote your poetical prose, amiable reader from Selangor? It seems a pity that such evocating descriptions should be for my own selfish delectation and not for all the other "amiable readers," some among whom, like me, have never known any wilder parts than the Wild-West-Kensington, and the beast-beaten

tracks of Montmartre! Shall I quote the whole letter? My modesty suggests jumping over the opening lines; my artistic conscience—the most important among our assortment of righteous notions—protests against mutilation. Here, then, is the letter in its entirety—

## THE NEW OWNER OF OLD WARDEN PARK, BIGGLESWADE: MASTER RICHARD SHUTTLEWORTH.

Master Shuttleworth is the only child of the late Colonel Frank Shuttleworth, the well-known sportsman and Director of the Great Northern, who died on Jan. 24. He inherits the estates.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*

Dear Madam—  
(By the way—first parenthesis—why did you suppose that I was a "Miss"? Is it because you assume that England is my country,

and that there are many misses in that island? I would have thought—would have hoped—that anyone reading me would have imagined me a wise, sober, stolid, matronly person—in a word, a thorough "Mrs.")

Dear Madam [say you]—

I have always enjoyed reading your "Frivolities," and wished that I had the pleasure of your acquaintance, but have so far resisted the temptation of writing to you; but your page in the issue of December 11th has proved too much for me!

(Second parenthesis—cannot remember what I wrote on December the 11th, but I am very glad I wrote it!)

I wonder if, in your "five-to-seven" wanderings abroad, you would care to include this part of the globe in your travels?

(Third parenthesis—Razer! as you say in English.)

My part of the globe at this very moment is Montlimar, where nice marbly nougat comes from. Is it already a year ago that I passed through this same landscape, hills and torrents overfilled just now, olive-trees, low stone walls surrounding each "mas"—a year ago that I was sitting in the same corner gossiping in the same way with you, whom I did not know then, and all the other members of the Sketch family?

Would you like [you ask me] to go a twelve-mile ricksha ride—the feet of the Chinese puller pad-padding with the regularity of a machine, up hill and down—the road now running between the moonlit aisles of a rubber estate, now winding through the virgin jungle, vast and sombre, fraught with mysterious crackings and snappings, with over all the throbbing voice of its myriad insects; now passing sleeping coolie lines, with their rustlings and murmurings; anon floating, seemingly, on the dark waters of a swamp—weirdly majestic, with its lofty trees silhouetted against the radiant sky, but awe-inspiring in its shadows, with their suggestion of its reptile inhabitants?

The Malay Peninsula has its

fascinations quite as much as more widely discussed countries, I can assure you. At the present moment, I can hear the soft notes—all in a minor key—of a native flute; it may not be exactly what one could call good music, but, nevertheless, there is an enthralling charm about it—which is more than can be said of a large proportion of the alleged music one hears these days from Europe!

(Hear, hear!—fourth parenthesis.)

I trust that you will excuse me for thus writing to you without the previous formality of an introduction, and will simply put me down as another "Amiable Reader," who has to thank you for many a page of pleasant reading.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

*Photograph by L.N.A.*

Thank you, amiable reader, and I am glad you did waive aside the formality of an introduction, apart from the fact that it would have been rather difficult to manage one between two parties living one in Malay, the other in London! I hold that etiquette is one of the things like money and nice clothes—things to possess and never bother about.



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Dear Madam—

(By the way—first parenthesis—why did you suppose that I was a "Miss"? Is it because you assume that England is my country,



WATCHING HER HUSBAND FLYING IN THE MILITARY DIRIGIBLE "ESPAÑA": THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

It is understood that King Alfonso has promised his wife that he will not take an aeroplane flight: dirigibles, as safer, are not "barred." In this flight, his Majesty was accompanied by Prince Leopold of Battenberg.

*Photograph by C.N.*

A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY FOLLOWER OF HOUNDS WHO HAS TAKEN TO THE STAGE: MISS DULCE MUSGRAVE WROUGHTON.

Miss Wroughton, who has been chosen to play in "Her Side of the House," which is to be produced at the Aldwych in March, and will act under the name of "Dulce Musgrave," is the younger daughter of Mr. W. M. Wroughton, of Northamptonshire, for many years Master of the Pytchley and later of the Woodland Pytchley. She herself is well known as a follower of the hounds, but of late years has given up hunting for private theatricals. She has been an amateur actress, indeed, from childhood, and has made public appearances in plays by her sister, Miss Cicely Wroughton, produced for the benefit of charities at the Court and at the Savoy. It was Miss Dulce Wroughton's performance of Gertrude, in a production of "Milestones" at Miss Rosina Filippi's School of Acting, which brought her to the notice of the manager of the Aldwych and gained her the offer of the part she is to play.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*

LOUD JEERS!

FOR SALE.



THE SHOP-ASSISTANT: Now, for the drawing-room; what would you say to this?

THE CHIEF CUSTOMER: We shouldn't care to say anything to it—it might answer back.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



*THE PEACEFUL KAISER: THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS HATER OF WAR.\**

The Kaiser,  
Keeper of the  
Peace.

Prussia and Prince Ernest Augustus, son of the Duke of Cumberland, must mean the end of the Guelph-Hohenzollern feud which came into existence in 1866, it is of more than usual interest to consider the German Emperor not as the War Lord of the Mailed Fist, but as Keeper of the Peace. As is pointed out in Mr. Norman Angell's introduction to Mr. Alfred H. Fried's very engrossing and thorough volume, his Imperial Majesty's attitude has often been misinterpreted. When he came to the throne, the Kaiser was, perhaps, inclined to hold the sword-hilt more often than the olive-branch; but there can be no doubt that he has oft-times prevented the unsheathing of steel. He first began to "see" himself in the role of pacifist, it may be presumed, in the early nineties, when he wrote, on a photograph: "At the end of the nineteenth century, the world is governed by trade. Trade is throwing down the barriers that separate the different nations, and is bringing about a revolution in the relations between nations." Four years later, at the opening of the Kiel Canal to traffic, he said: "We are joining together two seas. . . . Seas no longer separate us; they bind us together and are themselves bound together by this new link, for the blessing and peace of all nations. The mail-clad giants assembled today in the Kiel waters symbolise peace, the co-operation of all civilised nations in their great mission of civilisation. And as we look across the endless sea, we cast, too, a glance upon the sea of nations. The eyes of the whole world are lifted questioningly towards us. They sue for peace. Only in peace can the world's trade be developed; in peace only can it prosper. We desire to maintain that peace, and will do so. . . ."

And the  
Reason; and  
War Preparations. reasons for  
these views?

Partly, without doubt, economic. What does Baron d'Estournelles write?—"A superficial observer may say that at Kiel there are many ironclads, arsenals, cruisers, torpedoes, and admirals. Quite so, but there are other unseen considerations: the cost of these excessive armaments, the expenditure, the taxes, compulsory service, and the competition of the United States, which profits by all those unproductive burdens under which European producers are groaning. It is daily and more clearly understood that as soon as an agreement is arrived at, these burdens, instead of growing, will appreciably diminish. An armed peace will gradually become a thing of the past in the face of sound reason, and in the domain of politics, as in that of science, force will give way to reason, and will be overborne." For all that, to-day the Emperor remains, not unjustifiably, a supporter of the theory, *Si vis pacem para bellum*; true to a Bremen speech of 1905: "When I came to the throne I swore

With the discussion of the Von Tirpitz "ten to sixteen ratio" speech still a matter of moment, and the fact much in evidence that the engagement of Princess Victoria Louise of

that, after the heroic times of my grandfather, bayonets and cannon would, so far as lay in my power, be put aside, but that these bayonets would be held sharp, and these cannon ready, so that when cultivating our garden and extending our beautiful house we should not be disturbed by envy and jealousy from outside."

**Who Shall Lead** What is to be the position of his Imperial Majesty, or a successor, in the coming Utopia? Who can tell? So many opinions have been advanced. The Kaiser himself has his dreams—who but himself can say with safety what they are? In 1911, the *Matin* caused a

stir by the suggestion that the Kaiser had hopes of being the titular head of the peoples of Europe, united in the interests of humanity and civilisation, living in co-operation with one another, joined in a great and peaceful Federation. Semi-official denial was quick in coming, and it was reported: "The Emperor assured M. Pichon of his belief in the maintenance of peace throughout Europe, and of his own firm intention to further that end by every possible means; but the question of forming a European Confederation did not arise during the conversation, such an idea being far from the Emperor's mind." Others were less guarded. In 1897, W. T. Stead wrote of a Federation of Europe: "A Federation of this kind requires a leader, if not a ruler. That leadership might well be entrusted to the German Emperor, with England on his right and Russia on his left." In 1905, Bertha von Suttner said: "I believe that he [the German Emperor] should . . . call together a Council of the leading statesmen of the civilised world, whose programme would be an *entente cordiale* of all those who earnestly desire peace—the creation of a four, or seven, or ten Federation [Bund] within which the right of conquest, of invasion—the real dangers—would be eliminated. If only an energetic ruler like Germany's Sovereign would make a sign, the time would now be ripe for that which Henry IV. already planned, Napoleon once formulated as a project, and Nicholas II. of Russia, by his manifesto of 1898, tried to pave the way for." Those be daring words—and thoughts! Andrew Carnegie agrees. "It seems to me," he has written, "that it



**TO MARRY THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER AND JOIN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY:**  
**PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS OF CUMBERLAND.**

Prince Ernest Augustus is the only surviving son of the Duke of Cumberland, whose father, King George V. of Hanover, was deprived of his throne by Prussia in 1866. Thus began the Guelph-Hohenzollern feud which is now ended by the Prince's engagement to the Kaiser's only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia. The marriage will also form another link with the British royal house, for the father of George V. of Hanover was a son of our George III. Prince Ernest Augustus is to join the Prussian Army as an officer in the Zieten Hussars. He is tall and athletic, good climber, and an excellent shot. It will be recalled that his elder brother, Prince George, was killed last year in a motor accident.—[Photograph by C.N.]

should be easy to abolish war between civilised nations as a means of settling international disputes. In Berlin there exists one man who has only a word to say. If only the German Emperor would fulfil that task, everyone would follow. He has it in his power to abolish war between civilised nations. He only needs to call together England, France, and the United States to join him in declaring that since the world has become one great organism, and since each part of that organism depends upon the others . . . the day has passed when one civilised nation can be permitted to break that peace which is so near to the hearts of all. International disputes must be settled by Courts of Arbitration." Still—men ask: "When will the next war be, and where?" Let the unbeliever in the possibilities of a universal, or at least a European, peace, as well as the believer, read Mr. Fried's work: it will profit him, even if it does not convince him.

\* "The German Emperor and the Peace of the World." By Alfred H. Fried (Nobel Peace Prize). With a Preface by Norman Angell. (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s.)

POST - IMPRESSED !

FOR SALE.



BILL (*before the Post-Impressionist picture*): What's it all abaht?  
TOMMY: Can't yer see fer yerself?  
BILL: Can you?  
TOMMY: No — but I don't bloomin' well ask.



## THE GAY CAREER OF UNCLE NICHOLAS.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

I CAME upon him outside a second-hand bookshop in the Charing Cross Road, discontentedly rummaging among the contents of the twopenny box. The latter contained, as usual, Sturm's "Reflections," Thomson's "Seasons," and several volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from which the plates had been extracted. With a grunt of disgust my uncle turned to move away. Our eyes met.

"George," he said severely, "if there is one thing which annoys me more than another, it is the sight of a young and active man doing nothing."

"That being so," said I, "the hour one-thirty, and the restaurant of the excellent Franghetelli less than a dozen yards away, would it not be well to occupy the fleeting moments with a couple of those half-crown luncheons for which he is so justly celebrated?"

"Not," said my uncle firmly, "if there are to be any allusions, veiled or otherwise, to your more immediate liabilities."

"The conditions," I said, "are accepted," and with that I took the arm of my Uncle Nicholas (who, for all that he is a short and amply waistcoated man, has something of a presence) and led him to the restaurant.

"The fact is, George," he said, as the waiter departed, "I find myself driven to the border-line of destruction by the diabolical sameness of existence. Day after day I encounter the same stupid people, hear the same inane remarks, eat the same loathsome well-prepared food. The man who committed suicide at the mere prospect of buttoning his coat every morning for the rest of his life was only a shade more exasperated than I. . . . I don't want my youth again, for I shouldn't know what to do with it if I had it; I don't want to be poor, for I'd sooner struggle along with my eighteen thousand a year than work for my living. But if you've any suggestions to offer——"

"Merely," said I (the thought had been in my mind from the first), "that you should become an honorary member of the R.T.P. Club."

"Beg pardon?" said my uncle sharply.

"The R.T.P., or, in plainer English, the Right-to-Propose Club. It is quite the newest idea, and refreshingly unconventional. It is run by ladies, but there is a large honorary membership of men."

"Continue."

"The young woman of to-day is still fatally handicapped. She hasn't—no, I don't mean the Vote"—(for I caught the gleam of battle in my uncle's eye)—"she hasn't the right to ask a member of the opposite sex to marry her. Or rather, she hadn't before the club came into existence. But any member of the R.T.P. may, without losing caste in any way, take her fate into her own hands with regard to any one of the honorary members. And the men, let me tell you, are glad to join, since only girls regarded as eligible in every way are permitted to assume membership."

My uncle nodded thoughtfully.

"Members are placed in rotation upon what is termed the 'Active List.' Each is given ten days in which to propose to the honorary member upon whom she has set her affections. If by the end of that time she has failed to meet the situation, she is dismissed the club with ignominy. If, on the other hand, the man should fail to respond, he must give excellent reasons for not doing so, failing which, full particulars of the case are sent to every half-penny paper in London."

"But, from the merely masculine point of view——?"

"The honorary member has the delightful uncertainty of never knowing whether or when a lady member has, vulgarly speaking, set her cap at him. Nor does he even know who is upon the Active List. The secret is as jealously guarded by the committee as the

existence of the club itself. However obvious the course of events may be, it is part of the rules of the game to ignore them. Nor are we a mere matrimonial bureau. There are some quite decent smoking and billiard rooms. The honorary member gets plenty of entertainment for his money."

"Even if he's a non-marrying baronet of fifty?" said my uncle dubiously.

"We've a hundred older men, from the Marquess of Ealing downwards, on the list."

"But why did you join?" His tones were still querulously suspicious.

"My dear uncle," I said, "you asked me for a panacea for insufferable boredom. I have done my best. If the idea doesn't appeal to you, let us, for heaven's sake, say no more about it."

We didn't, until presently we emerged into the sunshine again.

"George," said my uncle abruptly, "life may yet have a fresh experience to offer. How soon am I likely to be elected an honorary member of your club?"

"Possibly within a week. The committee meets in a day or so."

"And the fees——?"

"Five guineas entrance, a guinea yearly until one is—er-suited——"

"Or resigns," said my uncle sharply.

"Or dies," I suggested cheerfully.

"Then you may submit my name. I shall be staying in town for the next month. Good-bye."

I caught him by the arm.

"One moment. You will understand that all that I have told you is absolutely confidential. Members or prospective members are under no circumstances permitted to discuss the club or its projects."

"When I am about to make a conspicuous idiot of myself," said my uncle acidly, "I am not accustomed to advertise the fact."

It was a point upon which I could not entirely agree with him. But I did not say so.

It was five days afterwards that I received the note from Uncle Nicholas which announced that he had been formally elected. The fact was no news to me. Miss Craske, the club's secretary, had already alluded to it. I called at once upon my uncle to tender congratulations.

"You're fortunate," I said. "Applications have been coming in so fast that they talk of curtailing the membership."

My uncle grunted.

"When shall I be expected to put in an appearance?"

"The sooner the better. There are some people there that I'd like you to meet."

We took a taxi to the club forthwith. Miss Craske herself met us in the hall. Even the fact that she was wearing gold pince-nez did not make her look more than twenty-five. As a matter of fact, she's twenty-two. She greeted my uncle with a blend of cordiality and respect.

"I expect Mr. Fosdyke has told you our history and aims," she said, "so I won't enlarge upon them. You will find a good many of the members already in the reception-room."

Into the reception-room we accordingly went. My uncle is not a man whom one would accuse of shyness, but his step lacked, I thought, something of its usual confident briskness. A gleam of relief flashed over his face when he caught sight of Larford, the explorer, at the far end of the room. We introduced him to several people, and allowed him to drift away.

"Well?" said Miss Craske to me.

[Continued overleaf.]

## THE RIVALS.

FOR SALE.



THE LADY: Green apples; nice green apples!

THE GENTLEMAN: Gripes—fine gripes!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

"Well?" - I said.

"I'm sure that I shall like Sir Nicholas," said Miss Craske. "And eighteen—or was it nineteen?—thousand a year, I think you said?"

I eyed her sternly.

"You see," she continued, "speaking in the strictest confidence, my name is on the Active List. And 'Sir Nicholas' is so delightfully romantic. . . . Really, I've a good mind—"

"I doubt it," said I. "And considering that the unfortunate victim—"

"Highly favoured candidate!" Her eyes twinkled behind the pince-nez.

"—Hasn't been in the building twenty minutes, the thing strikes me as being slightly precipitate—not to say indelicate."

"Pooh!" said Miss Craske. "Twenty minutes is long enough for any woman to make up her mind. You should see me at the winter sales!"

She strolled casually in the direction of my Uncle Nicholas.

For ten days afterwards I did not see him at all. I had other things to think about—Millicent Craske among them. But one particularly grilling afternoon I returned to my rooms to find a familiar figure in possession of the most comfortable chair. It was my Uncle Nicholas. He had a handkerchief over his forehead, and he was snoring luxuriously with his mouth open. He looked, I thought, a trifle thinner.

"Uncle," I said loudly, "I am pleased to see you, but—"

He awoke with a jerk.

"That you, George? In another minute I should have dropped asleep." He struggled to his feet and glanced about him. "Any objection to my shutting the door? *And the window?*" He closed both rapidly and came back to the chair. "George, I want your assistance. It's all due to that diabolical club of yours. I've been there every day since I joined. The very atmosphere of the place seems hypnotic. Larford, poor beggar! tells me he's found it the same. Yesterday—"

My uncle paused; his voice dropped.

"George, that fluffy-haired Ling girl bagged him. I've seen the thing developing for days. It's been like watching a railway accident or an avalanche. I gather that she waited until they were alone for five minutes, and then deliberately proposed. He made no attempt at resistance. Says it's a relief to know that the worst is over. . . . George, whose name is next on the Active List?"

I didn't answer—I dared not. I didn't even look at him.

"Is it—is it Miss Craske's?"

I made no movement.

"George"—my uncle's voice became hysterical—"if you won't tell me, I'll leave every penny I possess to found an Asylum for Distressed Relatives."

I temporised.

"Why are you so anxious to know?"

He flopped back into the chair.

"Because she's after me. Because I've been harassed until I don't feel safe anywhere. Because if a comet were to burst into this room, I should expect to see her sitting on its tail!"

"But what evidence have you that—"

"The moral pressure is continuous. I meet her everywhere. The library isn't safe. The billiard-room's a mere danger-trap. Giggling, tactful idiots are always leaving us alone together. The strain is frightful."

There was a long pause.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to see the thing through. It's consoling to know that Miss Craske is a particularly nice girl, and I've no doubt will make the man she chooses extremely happy."

My uncle rose, favoured me with one last, despairing scowl, and departed.

Two days passed, and then, on the club steps, I found myself shaking hands with Larford. He grinned the sheepish grin of the engaged man.

"You'll find Sir Nicholas in the smoking-room, I fancy," he said.

My uncle was sitting on the window-seat. Miss Craske was near—very near. A storm of illogical emotions swept over me.

"George," said my uncle faintly, "you will perhaps be surprised to learn that I—that Miss Craske—Millicent—your future aunt—"

Miss Craske intervened.

"I think," she said kindly, "that Sir Nicholas is trying to tell you that he has made me a happy woman, and that we are engaged to be married."

My uncle—an object for human pity if ever such existed—nodded.

"It's true, George. According to Rule 17, Section 5, I am compelled—er—directed to lead Miss Craske to the altar. We shall be glad of your congratulations; but"—he rose, and edged towards the door—"as I've a man I must see about a patent ventilator, I—"

He was gone. Miss Craske and I found ourselves face-to-face.

"Of—all—the—!"

"Eighteen thousand a year, I think you said? And I'm still waiting for your congratulations," said Miss Craske.

At eleven o'clock that evening my telephone-bell rang furiously. I took up the receiver.

"George!" said a weak voice.

"Yes?"

"Can you come round to see me?"

"At once?"

"At once!"

Providentially, an empty taxi was passing the door. I was whirled to Mount Street. My uncle was alone. He looked thinner and more dejected than ever.

"George, you must find a way out for me—"

"You're referring to your engagement?"

He groaned an affirmative.

"The thought of that Amazon in pince-nez terrifies me. . . . There must be a loophole in the rules somewhere."

For a space I pondered. My uncle watched me with puckered brow and haggard eye.

"There's only one possible avenue of escape. By Rule 17, as you've discovered, an honorary member is bound to accept the advances of a lady member, or face exposure. In point of fact, it's never yet been necessary to enforce the penalty. But Rule 28 contains a clause to the effect that any honorary member who can obtain a substitute satisfactory to the lady, in the person of another honorary member—you follow me?"

My uncle bounded in his chair.

"George, you—you will be that substitute!"

"But you're assuming—"

"That all objections are removable. They are—they shall be. She is, as you've admitted, a charming girl, and you're half in love with her already. And Millicent isn't so blind but that she can see you're a finer figure of a man than I ever was."

"But on an income of two hundred a year—"

"Pooh!—the thing can be adjusted within ten minutes. I shall be seeing my solicitor in the morning. Do you think that you could make her happy on eight hundred a year, George? Or shall we say a thousand?"

I took up my hat,

"That," I said, "can be easily ascertained. Wait for me half-an-hour."

Millicent had been staying with her aunt, Lady Penyfeather. They had just returned from a theatre when I called. Her Ladyship, who is a discerning soul, made no excuses for leaving us *tête-à-tête* in the library.

Millicent, her cheeks still glowing with excitement, looked superb. I caught her in my arms and kissed her.

"George," she said, "as the future Lady Fosdyke—and your aunt—your *aunt*, George—!"

"Never!" I said. "I come with powers to arrange an armistice and to exchange prisoners. Uncle Nicholas has had his fill of unconventionalities for the rest of his blameless life."

"Explain!" she commanded.

I explained. Miss Craske sighed, laughed, sighed again.

"If—if he hadn't been so unreasonable—"

"He hadn't met you. He didn't understand."

"Then he shall understand now," she said firmly, and crossed to the telephone. "Are you there—Sir Nicholas Fosdyke? Yes, I'm Millicent—Millicent Craske. George has just called to tell me of your generous offer. . . . Will I accept? Certainly not! Wait, wait—I want you to understand why. The whole thing has only been a joke—a stupid joke. There isn't any R.T.P. Club. George and I just invented it because you wouldn't hear of his marrying, or even let him introduce me. . . . The people you met were members of an informal social gathering—if you'd lived more in London you'd have known more about it. We let a few of them into the secret, but not many. Mr. Larford was one, and Bessie Ling was another—they'd been engaged for more than a month, but hadn't made the news public. Explorers are so dreadfully shy, you know. . . . Yes, we've behaved abominably—inexcusably. But we don't want your money, Sir Nicholas. We're going to try to scrape along on George's two hundred and my fifty, and we hope you'll forgive us, and come to the wedding. . . . I beg your pardon? Yes? . . . How dear of you to say so!"

She put back the receiver, and turned to me with shining eyes.

"George, put on your hat again, and tell the commissionaire to whistle for a taxi as he's never whistled in his life before. You're to go round at once to receive the avuncular blessing. He isn't a bit angry—just relieved. He says the experience has been worth a thousand a year to any man."

And, despite the fact that we are preposterously happy, he says so still.

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS

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## SOUTHERN SUNSHINE WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LONDON; GOLF ON THE SILVER COAST.

The courses of the Riviera are no doubt the more popular with the general run of those Côte d'Argent. golfers who are so fortunate as to be able to escape from the British gloom and wet in the winter to the exhilarating Southern sunshine; but it is not at all certain that they afford better golf than those in that delightful corner of the Bay of Biscay which is known as the Côte d'Argent. Here there is a little group which is interesting indeed, and it is highly popular with the best class of the players who go South during the first three months of the year. Of this group, Biarritz is the capital, and Biarritz has a very considerable reputation. Here, in February and March, you may often find on the links one or two old champions or first-class medallists, and they seem to enjoy the play as much as if they were at St. Andrews itself. As Continental courses go, Biarritz is itself becoming ancient now, for it was as far back as 1888 that the club came into existence. Its neighbour, Pau, is much older, but Biarritz is senior to any club on the Riviera. At the top of the season the scene on the course is always a busy one, and there is the liveliest interest in the numerous competitions. One of the chief events is the contest for the Town Shield, which is a scratch medal affair, taking place this year on March 11; on the 25th and 28th of the same month there is the home-and-home foursome match for the Kilmaine Cup with Pau; and on April 1 there is a contest for two prizes, worth respectively five hundred and two hundred francs, given by the town of Biarritz.

**Breezy Biarritz.** Biarritz is not a long course; it is, indeed, a very short one, for nine of the eighteen greens can be reached in one shot from the tee; but, for a short course, it is, perhaps, the most difficult in existence. It is one of the windiest, and most of the holes are thoroughly bunkered. But, of course, to those who have never been there, and who never will go, it is most famous for its "Cliff" hole, which is the thirteenth. It is one of the queerest things in golf. Only fifteen

St. Andrews with an equally satisfactory result. Then it has to be said that when the celebrated National Golf Links of America were being constructed, and the world of golf was being scoured for good examples, Biarritz was the only course on the Continent that made a contribution, its twelfth hole being used largely as a model for the fifteenth on Long Island. The ladies have a course of their own—nine holes—Lady Hambro being their captain; but there is a curious and interesting rule in operation that such of the sex as may claim a handicap of four or under may, if the handicap be approved by the men's committee, use the men's course on payment of men's subscriptions. I who write am at Biarritz now. The sunshine is continual and warm, the sea is the bluest, and the big breakers that come in from the Atlantic make the scene and the time a happy one. The companion course to this one, although it is not the nearest, is the really ancient Pau, which was started as far back as 1856. They claim for Pau that it is "undoubtedly the best course on the Continent." It is laid out along the bank of a river, and, while the turf is good throughout, the putting-greens are excellent, and the scenery, with the lofty Pyrenees in the background, is glorious. Of course, Pau is inland.

**St. Jean de Luz.** But there are other courses in this locality that are well favoured. Foremost among them is the Nivelle Club at St. Jean de Luz. St. Jean de Luz is a very pretty place, and the course is laid out in a very skilful and interesting way. It is not a long course, but it is one that calls for good play if a decent score is to be done. The ex-Open Champion, Arnaud Massy, who brought so much distinction to golfing France when he won the highest honours at Hoylake, is the professional here; and, by the way, there has been a rumour lately that Massy was about to leave this place and attach himself to the new club that has been started at St. Cloud, Paris, but it is not true. There is another course at St. Jean de Luz, a much older one, but it has only twelve



HIMSELF AGAIN: MR. GEORGE EDWARDES PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER AT THE ELEVENTH HOLE, ON THE BIARRITZ GOLF COURSE.

Mr. George Edwardes has been back in London for some little while now, and is quite fit again. While abroad, he bought "The Magic Film," which is to follow "The Sunshine Girl" at the Gaiety, but, it is understood, under a different title.



HOW MUCH MORE CHARMING THAN VARIOUS ENGLISH EXAMPLES!  
THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE SAN REMO GOLF CLUB.

The San Remo Golf Club is delightfully situated, at Arma di Taggia, in a valley surrounded by olive-clad hills. Taggia is fifteen minutes by rail from San Remo. The course has nine holes.

Photograph by Sport and General.

yards in front of the tee is the steep cliff, which rises forty yards up towards the sky, and the green is on the very edge of it at the top. It is just about as difficult to hit the ball up there and make it stay in the proper place as it is to hit a good second to the seventeenth at



HOW MUCH MORE CHARMING THAN VARIOUS ENGLISH EXAMPLES!  
THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE CANNES GOLF CLUB.

The Cannes Golf Club, Mandelieu, is a seaside course, sandy and undulating. The longest hole is 432 yards. It is five miles by electric tram from Cannes.

Photograph by Sport and General.

holes. Add to these Arcachon, Hendaye, and Bordeaux. The first-named is a little course of an interesting kind that is much increasing in favour. The "Golf Bordelais" at Bordeaux is thirteen years old.

HENRY LEACH.



**THE REIGN OF RAGTIME, A MIRTH-MAKER, AND ANOTHER DROP OF SCOTCH.**

RAGTIME is, from a certain point of view, doing very well indeed. Each week it extends its ramifications, and there are few halls to-day which have not to a greater or less extent come under its sway. The latest to succumb is the Oxford, where is to be seen and heard, and very distinctly seen and heard, the Ernest C. Rolls Company in a sketch called, with a deep sense of the appropriate, "Ragmania." The programme deals with the piece in an airy vein. It tells you that you are to expect "a new version on the present obsession"; it describes the production as "a highly syncopated Rag-phantasy," and gives you the names of ten "rag-maniacs," and of one who will "very likely" appear. But in spite of the lightness of this introduction, there is a forcefulness about the actual production which is almost stunning. The performers seem to be inspired with a demoniacal frenzy. Song and dance succeed song and dance with breathless rapidity. The rag-maniacs are "out for" row and racket, and they give without stint. The conductor himself so far enters into the spirit of the thing that he cannot allow time to maintain his usual sedentary position, but must needs stand up with green lights beating about the back of his neck, and with a red light blazing at the end of his baton. Lights, indeed, are largely employed to add to the general garishness of the production. They are thrown upon the stage from every direction, and there is even a person posted immediately in front of the conductor who hurls fierce lights upon the faces of those who advance to the front of the stage. Without a moment's intermission the carnival of blare and glare proceeds upon its relentless way, and one thinks, so far as one retains one's powers of thinking, that ragtime has reached its apotheosis. For those whose tastes incline them to a liking of riot, all this is doubtless decidedly acceptable, but I very much doubt whether the average peaceable citizen will stand it much longer.



DIRECTOR OF THE CROYDON REPERTORY THEATRE, WITH MR. KEBLE HOWARD:

MR. DICK ADAMS.

Mr. Keble Howard, whose work is so well known to readers of "The Sketch," and Mr. Dick Adams are responsible for the Repertory Theatre which is to give its first performance at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, in April. A very strong local committee is being formed in Croydon, not to take charge of, or to interfere in any way with, the stage, but to help with subscribers' tickets, and so on. Anyone interested may obtain particulars from the Grand Theatre, Croydon.

Photograph by C. Friend-Smith.



ORIGINATOR OF THE CROYDON REPERTORY THEATRE SCHEME: MR. KEBLE HOWARD, WITH HIS WIFE (MISS PEARL KEATS), AT HIS HOUSE, "AS YOU LIKE IT," MERSTHAM.

Photograph by C. Friend-Smith.

A long-suffering public will soon weary of these infuriated turns, and will implore Max Darewski and other composers to write music of a less disturbing character. Noise just now is in the ascendant, but the storm must shortly be succeeded by a calm.

**A New Funmaker.**

There is nothing of the rowdy about Frank Tinney, who has arrived at the Palace from America. On the contrary, he is the quietest and easiest

comedian I have encountered for a long time. He blacks his face in the old-fashioned manner, but his method is new and entirely his own, and I saw him keep a Monday night stall-audience at the Palace in a ceaseless scream of laughter. This is an achievement, for on the first night of the week the stall-holders at the Palace maintain, as a rule, an air of studied aloofness, and regard anything in the shape of a novelty with frigid scepticism. But Frank Tinney thawed them in an instant. I defy anybody to go away with a recollection of anything he has said, yet his every line is a laugh. He has an interlocutor who sits in the seat usually occupied by Mr. Hermann Finck, and he bandies "back-talk" with this assistant till the house rocks. He is the epitome of good-natured, self-pleased silliness for a while, and then he girds himself with the bagpipes, and evolves a series of excruciating discords in an endeavour to play what he very rightly calls "Ill Trovatore." In conclusion, he makes a halting and unmeaning little speech of thanks, which is quite a masterpiece. All lovers of good, clean fun will welcome the arrival of Frank Tinney, who is a born mirth-maker, who should not be allowed to return to the States in a hurry.

**A Scotch Sketch.** The success of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" and "A Scrape o' the Pen" has not unnaturally brought forth a crop of Caledonian playlets. The Palace gave us Mr. E. V. Lucas's "The Visit of the King," and the Pavilion followed suit. Now the Tivoli has come into line with "The Lodgers." On the lines of "Box and Cox," a man and a woman in humble life rent the same bedroom, the man occupying it by day and the woman by night, and never meet each other. One night, after the woman has retired to slumber, the man comes home, having a night off, and, being persuaded by his landlady and a shrewish friend of hers that he has hopelessly compromised the woman, goes through form of marriage with her, although, as he realises

the Scottish later, the two must resume their old lives and never see each other again. The little company, headed by Miss Jean Turnbull, who made her mark in "Bunty," do their best with the piece, but with no great results. The humour is not very sparkling; there is some very stupid clowning; and there is a good deal of unamusing business with early-Victorian underwear. I am inclined to think that the Scotch vogue has played itself out.—ROVER.



PRESSENTING A NOVEL ROLLER-SKATING ACT AT THE ALHAMBRA: LA PETITE SOUSA AND MR. TONY YOUNG.

Photograph by Hana.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

**THE KAISER AND AVIATION—WHAT TO SEE AT MANCHESTER—TALBOT PACE—THE CHOICE OF BODIES.**

**The Kaiser's Prize  
for Benz.**

lately offered a prize of 50,000 marks (about £2500) for the best German-made aeroplane-motor. All the leading manufacturers of Germany competed for this substantial prize, which I am more than glad to learn was awarded to the Benz Company, whose cars, handled here by the Brompton Motor Company, of 70 and 80, Brompton Road, are held in such favour in this country. The success of the Benz Company is all the more remarkable from the fact that they entered only one engine in competition against ten or twelve entered by other manufacturers. The test was one of exceptional severity, and this most properly so, when it is remembered that the aviator's life depends for the most part on the stability and reliability of his engine. An engine similar in all respects to the winning motor in this competition will be shown at the forthcoming Aero Exhibition at Olympia. Fourteen firms entered forty-four engines. The Benz engine had four cylinders (130 mm. by 180 mm.), and gave 100 horse-power at 1200 revolutions per minute.

**The Manchester Show.** To any of my readers visiting the North of England Motor

**WON BY MR. S. F. CODY,  
A MICHELIN TROPHY.**

The illustrations on this page show the Michelin trophies won by Mr. S. F. Cody in 1911 and 1912 respectively.

torpedo, and the other to be shown by Messrs. Stafford, Ltd. A 38.4-h.p. six-cylinder, with special Cunard-de-luxe landauette body. These will be shown by the Bolton Motor Company. On Stand 25 (Messrs. Looker and Co.) will be found the 1913 Straker-Squire, in chassis form and bodied, and extremely interesting as the concentrated production of one of the best-equipped works in the country. In addition to these, and on other stands, will be found Benz, Singer, Hotchkiss, Panhard, and Darracq cars. On the latter will be found the valveless Darracq engine in its new form.

**Speed Prodigies.** Hard luck indeed for Mr. Percy Lambert and the 25-h.p. Talbot! To beat the

world's record for fifty miles, and then to get within 2 miles 1529 yards of one hundred miles in the hour, is a mischance which should absolve a man of much objurgation—the more that, but for the little bit of bad luck (not, by-the-bye, in any way ascribable to the stout machine), it was obvious and clear that the coveted performance—100 miles in 60 minutes—was well within his grasp, with, indeed, a bit to spare. The intermediate times up to the moment of misfortune, when the tyre became so deflated as to reduce the speed of the vehicle, showed that the first ten laps were covered at 102.23 miles per hour; and the half-distance was completed in 29 min. 10.5 sec., or 102.83 miles per hour—a world's record by itself. Notwithstanding the fact that over three minutes were consumed in changing the wheel, 97 miles 231 yards were completed in the hour. And the engine responsible for this wonderful work has just four little cylinders (4 in. bore by 5½ in. stroke), which, astounding and bewildering as it may seem, develop 105-h.p., at 2500 revolutions per minute. Before this note sees the light, Mr. Lambert and his Talbot will have had another shot at the 100 in 60.

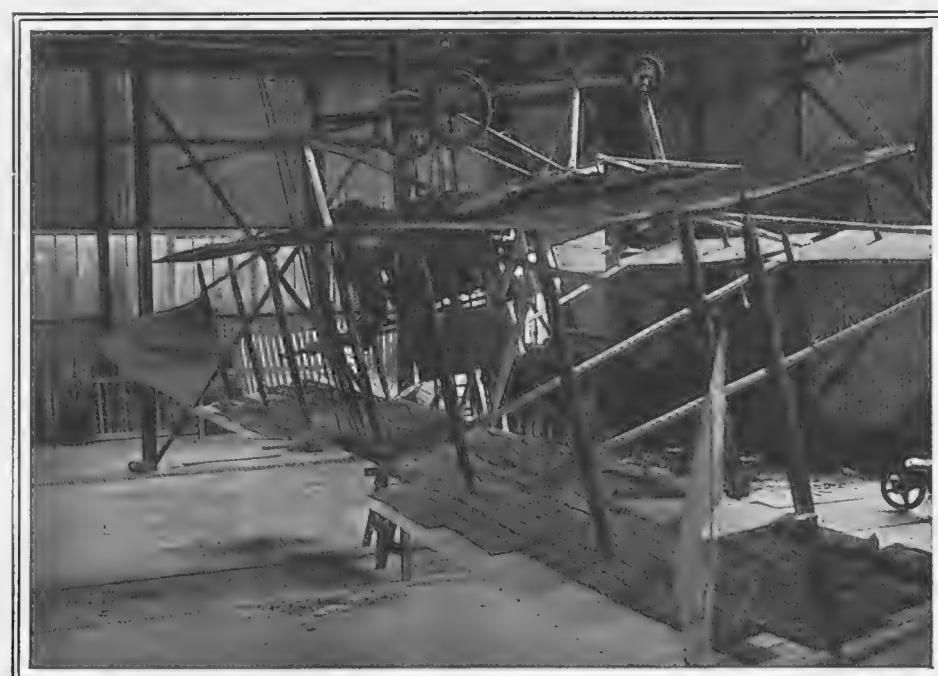
**Take Heed to Your Bodies.**

In my notes of a week or two ago, I indicated the reason why British motor-car manufacturers, for the most part, quote chassis and complete-car prices. I suggested that it was due to the individualism of the Britisher, who likes a car after his own fancy, and no more hankers to have a vehicle just like his neighbours than he desires clothes of the same cut and pattern. I have no doubt that just now many of my readers are getting delivery of their chassis, and are considering the placing of the orders for their bodies—a truly serious step, which should be pondered profoundly ere the plunge is taken.



**WON BY MR. S. F. CODY,  
A MICHELIN TROPHY.**

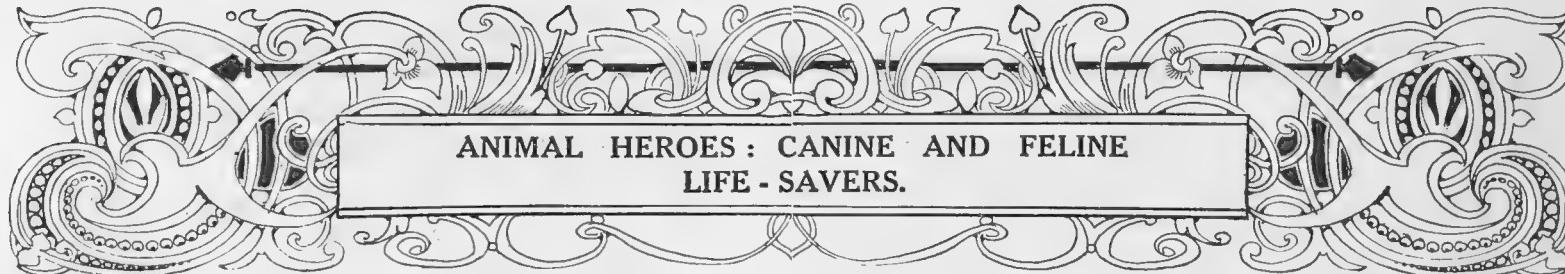
Mr. Cody has won four Michelin trophies in three years; and cash prizes to the value of £2000.



**TESTING THE STRENGTH OF A FLYING-MACHINE'S PLANES: LEAD AND WET SAND ON A CODY AIR-CRAFT FOR THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS.**

The flying-machine shown was being tested for the Government by the Royal Flying Corps. It will be noted that strips of lead are upon the under surface of the upper planes, and wet sand upon the under surface of the lower planes. The air-craft, just finished by Mr. S. F. Cody, withstood a total weight of 7900 lb., that is to say, a weight well above the average used for the testing of such machines.—[Photograph by Topical.]

For there are body-makers and body-makers; and while it is advisable to entrust the order to a good, sound firm, it is imperative that the firm selected should be experienced motorists. To be comfortable and satisfactory, a body for a motor-car requires knowledge only gained by practical experience and much acquaintance with motor-cars, and in this connection I know no firm with more complete experience than Messrs. Morgan and Co., those old-established coach-builders, of 127, Long Acre, and 10, Old Bond Street, who are also sole concessionaires for the admirable Adler cars.



ANIMAL HEROES : CANINE AND FELINE  
LIFE - SAVERS.

ILLUSTRIOS students of animal psychology are probably the only people who do not understand the dog. They deny it even as high instincts as those credited by Dr. Francis Darwin to the plants. But there was a little group of dogs at Cruft's Show last week which upset all the theories of the scientists. Probably there was not a dog in the company that could have picked the lock of the chamber in which the psychologist imprisons an animal, demanding that, to be considered a reasonable creature, it shall straightway release itself. Not one of them could have used a knife and fork or read this number of *The Sketch*, but they had all done things which have no relation to dumb, blind instinct. They had saved human life, and that is why they were there. The group comprised all sorts and conditions of dogs, and their pedigrees were too fruitful of bars sinister to make records presentable to the purists.

Dog and Cat  
Medallists.

So there is no harm in saying to-day that the V.C. is going to the dogs. It always ought to have been, only dog-devotion began before the Order. Many dogs have been decorated, so have cats. The Brighton Fire Brigade presented a silver medal to a cat which saved a household from death by raising an alarm in the middle of the night in a dwelling in which fire had broken out. But it is not always the biggest hero among the dogs that gets the biggest, or, indeed, any medal. Some of them are, however, more permanently honoured. The most famous picture in the board-room of King's College Hospital, London, commemorates an act which ought to have had the best and brightest of medals. It is the story of a couple of fox-terriers owned by that cheeriest of booksellers, Mr. "Alpine" Nutt, within pistol-shot of these offices. These terriers roamed the Strand and Fleet Street in company, and were better known to the police than the editor of the *Times*. One day they entered King's College Hospital, leading between them a drover's dog, which they had found injured in the roadway. They took the cripple to the casualty ward, where a surgeon with a discerning

that his dogs were frequently in the vicinity of the hospital, saw patients being carried in, and understood the nature of their errand—and so profited by it. Those dogs received no medal, but their picture will endure.

A St. Bernard  
Tragedy.

Wonderful records of canine fidelity are inscribed upon the tombstones of the little Dogs' Cemetery adjoining Hyde Park, but there is none so eloquent as the simple stone which crowns the grave of Barry, hard by the hospice of St. Bernard. Barry, during ten



A CROCODILE FEELING QUITE BOBBISH! A FEATURE OF THE CARNIVAL FANCY-DRESS BOBSLEIGH RACE ON THE DAVOS ICE-RUN.

The crocodile took the first prize.—[Photograph by Hervey.]

years of service, saved forty lives in the snow of the Alps. On one occasion he found a ten-year-old child, overcome by that deadly sleep which precedes death amid snow and ice. Barry warmed the little sufferer with his breath, and then roused it from slumber by licking its face and hands. This accomplished, the dog lay down by the side of the child and gave it an obvious invitation to mount upon its back and ride. The child did so and was carried to safety and comfort at the hospice. There came a fatal day, however, when some maddened lost wanderer, mistaking the merciful errand of the dog, stabbed it to death, and the inscription on the unmedalled hero's grave runs: "Barry the heroic. Saved the lives of forty persons, and was killed by the forty-first."

Dog Heroes of  
Wordsworth and  
Landseer.

Wordsworth immortalised three dogs. One, the hero of a famous poem, led a shepherd to where the remains of its master lay. For three months it had faithfully kept its vigil. And that breed is not extinct. It is not any one breed, but any breed. Landseer's collie, that died on its master's grave, has had a hundred successors. When a Mr. Henry Collinson was drowned at Scarborough the other year, his dog was found guarding his clothes upon the beach. The body was in due time recovered, and the dog, like King Edward's Caesar, was conspicuous among the mourners at the funeral.

The Terrier and  
the Lioness.

Another immortal among the un-medalled is the terrier whose record they preserve at the Dublin "Zoo." An aged lioness, dam of a numerous progeny, was, in her decrepitude, nightly annoyed by rats, which, when she slept, gnawed her paws. Hagenbeck, you will remember, lost three splendid elephants in a single night from like cause, rats gnawing their feet through and through. Well, the lioness was in similar case, so, as a last resource, a little terrier was put into her cage. He cowered in terrible fear as she prepared to spring upon him. At the psychological moment, however, a rat darted across the floor. In an instant the terrier had it. The lioness pondered, then she lay down, and coaxed the terrier to her. Ever after she went to sleep with him snugly ensconced between her fore-paws, her little knight errant, ready to guard her from the fiercest rodent that ever plied an incisor. The unmedalled heroes are a worthy company, and the foregoing are but types.



SUNNY CLIMES AND SNOWY AT A WINTER RESORT : THE ARAB AND THE TEDDY-BEAR BASK UNDER THE PALM, WHILE THE POLAR AND GRIZZLY BEARS DANCE A BEAR-HUG IN THE SNOW.

The photographs were taken at the carnival fancy-dress bobsleigh race held the other day on the Davos ice-run.—[Photograph by Hervey.]

eye realised the meaning of their little appeal. He doctored the cripple, and the two guardians led him off. And there, on the wall of the board-room, is the painting by Mr. Y. Carrington, recording the incident for all men, by permission, to see. Mr. Nutt explains



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**An Odious Innovation.**

When, in the time of his witty Majesty King Charles the Second, Englishwomen appeared on the stage and for the first time in history filled the feminine rôles in a public theatre, there must have been a pretty pother and outcry against the scandalous and unheard-of innovation. How, it must have been argued, could a woman so far unsex herself as to tread the boards of a playhouse? How could this smirking and smiling, these simulated tears and tantrums, this mock love-making fail to degrade her, to undermine her modesty and feminine charm? It was unthinkable, the Conservatives must have urged, that a woman should play Ophelia or Evadne, or even the gay ladies of the Restoration comedy. Besides, the newcomers were taking the bread out of the mouths of the young actors who played the feminine parts. Why, forsooth, should petticoats intrude on what had always, so long as the oldest man could remember, been a strictly masculine domain? The thing was monstrous, and a vigorous public opinion should be directed to nipping this revolution in the bud. If women took to competing with men on the stage—a province which it was evident was indissolubly connected with the masculine sex—why, there was an end to this kingdom. No State could stand against the break-up of the home, or see women quitting the sanctity of the domestic hearth to compete with men, without losing its virility and its dignity. The first woman who unsexed herself by appearing as Imogen or Cordelia was an enemy both to the State and the Family.

**Woman and the Well-Paid Professions.**

Thus, not a doubt of it, they talked. So, to-day, the English Bar is scandalised if a woman, though she speak with the tongue of men and angels, and have all the necessary qualifications, wishes to practise in the courts of law, or even give legal advice in chambers. In France, the men-folk are much more gallant, and look to their feminine barristers to lighten the dreary proceedings of the Salles de Justice. For there are several young ladies carrying on the profession of the law over there, and one or two are as beautiful to look at as Portia herself. The Gaul does not seem to feel the same animosity towards the women who compete with him in his own line as does the Anglo-Saxon and the Teuton. Possibly his innate admiration for the opposite sex makes him tolerant of their proceedings, even should they interfere with his own. Among the great French physicians and surgeons, there would seem to be a real desire to help women students in a profession in which they can give so much help to the community. In Colette Yver's clever book, "Princesses de Science," it is the authoress who is reactionary, and not the physicians she depicts. French doctors, unlike certain Britons, do not refuse to meet a woman doctor in consultation.

**What Woman May Do.**

Yet the Briton is not altogether unreasonable. He cheerfully allows the women-folk all the tedious, trivial, unpleasant and badly paid trades. I suppose washing is one of the most disagreeable and fatiguing of callings, yet we do not find him objecting to his women-folk pursuing it. So with scrubbing and scouring, with making boxes by the hundred dozen at starvation wages, with work at the pit's brow, with chain-making and other bitter and unremunerative tasks, he does not claim these as his sole prerogative, nor seek indignantly to prevent Englishwomen from entering upon these precarious ways of earning a living. But mention one of the learned professions as an opening for his daughters or sisters, and you are

surprised at the vehemence of his objections, the hostility which the suggestion will arouse. In this respect of a profession, or of Academic honours for women, the educated Briton has not yet, in Meredith's phrase, "rounded Cape Turk." It is all, to be sure, an affair of time. I am sure that Cambridge is full of curly-headed undergraduates who would cheerfully bestow the highest University degrees on those Girton and Newnham girls who have earned them; for it is the Elders who are holding the masculine fort, and the large clerical element connected with our older Universities which is so antipathetic to woman's real progress. After all, the whole question is an affair of prejudice, and there is nothing so difficult to eradicate from the average human mind.

**"It's Your Money We Want!"**

In respect of woman's purse, a masculine Government shows no reluctance to put its hand in it and help itself liberally, giving her no rights in return. Considering her limited opportunities of earning a good income, a woman is at present greatly over-taxed, and the majority of men—though they do not put it so crudely—declare that "it's your

money we want, not your vote." Thus, certain Societies, like the Zoological and the Geographical, who are always thankful for more funds, are by no means coy in offering their Fellowships to ladies who can pay subscriptions. In such cases, to be a woman is no drawback, and you are not violating the sanctity of the home or undermining society by adding your name to the list of the masculine members. The situation, indeed, is one which might have commended itself for treatment to that whimsical satirist, the author of "Erewhon," only that when that classic appeared few people had begun to regard the claims of women to be human beings and citizens at all. Who knows if we may possibly reach the stage of civilisation attained at the Renaissance, when Abbesses were women of great power and influence, when feudal ladies could rule their serfs and defend fortresses, and when, in Italy at all events, there were learned feminine professors to whom the youth of Europe flocked for instruction! The ages bring about such changes, and we may not unreasonably expect to see similar phenomena again.



FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY: THE UNICORN EFFECT.

The left-hand figure shows a coat and skirt in ochre colour and black fox. A novel touch is given to the centre costume by the wide, turned-back flap on the coat; the material is whitecord in ruby and mole stripes. The third costume is made of black Ottoman silk, and it has an original little jacket with braided revers and an upstanding collar edged with white-fox fur.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 26.*

## FINAL RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

THE announcement of the Great Western and the London and North Western dividends completed the list of Home Railway results for the second half of 1912. These two most important Companies both pay increased rates, although, in the case of the London and North Western, the Market had looked for a greater increase than the  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. announced.

The published gross increase in the traffics of this Company was £450,000, and of this, apparently, some £174,000 has been retained as net profits. The increase of the dividend from 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 per cent. absorbs £53,000; an additional £10,000 is placed to reserve account; and £60,000 is allocated to rolling-stock renewals, which received nothing a year ago, while the carry-forward remains unaltered. In addition to these sums it must be remembered that £51,000 less was brought into the accounts. The price of the Deferred stock fell to 134 on this result, at which price it yields just under 5 per cent. to an investor on the basis of the dividend for the whole of last year.

The Great Western result was received with much more satisfaction, as the increase from 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on the Ordinary stock was fully up to anticipations. The figures given show a net increase of about £120,000, against a gross traffic improvement of £450,000. For the first half of last year the distribution was reduced from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., so that the return for the whole twelve months comes out 5 5-8, against 5 7-8 a year ago. Thus the yield at 119, less the accrued dividend, works out at about 4 7-8 per cent., and although part of the increased working expenses is bound to be permanent, this result was achieved in spite of the loss of traffics in the first six months of 1912, and we look upon this stock as one of the most attractive in this market.

## CITY OF LONDON ELECTRIC.

The result of the year's working of the City of London Electric Lighting Company, Ltd. must be considered very satisfactory, and the management are to be congratulated. The dividend on the £10 Ordinary shares is made up to 8 per cent. for the year, which is the same as a year ago, but in addition a bonus of 1 per cent. is paid from the dividend equalisation fund. The directors place £50,000 to reserve, and carry forward £24,000. It is clear, therefore, that the net profit is larger than the £127,000 earned during 1911.

The capital of this Company is £1,805,000, consisting of two Debenture issues, aggregating £700,000; £400,000 6 per cent. Preference shares, and 705,950 Ordinary shares of £10 each.

About a year ago it will be remembered that the Ordinary shares had a jump from 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  on rumours of purchase by the Corporation. This, however, has come to nothing up to the present, and the quotation has since fallen away to 18. At this price the yield works out at just over 5 1-8 per cent., and we look upon these shares as an excellent holding; and, although there does not appear to be much room for appreciation in the near future, they should gradually reach a higher level.

## THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY.

Pressure of space last week prevented us from dealing with the Report of this Company for the year ending Oct. 31, but its importance leads us to refer to it now.

The results achieved by this Company since its inception in 1901 have been extraordinarily successful, and 1912 was no exception. The net trading profit was £3,019,200, against £2,787,700 twelve months ago. The directors decided to pay the same dividend as a year ago on the B Deferred shares—namely, 15 per cent.—and a bonus of a like amount. The item of depreciation receives the same sum—namely, £125,000; whilst £750,000 is placed to reserve, bringing the total up to £3,250,000.

The profits of this concern cannot be expected to continue to expand at this rate indefinitely, but the management is an example of all that good management should be, and the business is being extended in several directions, especially in the Midlands.

The B Deferred shares are not quoted, but in view of the fact that the Debenture stock has now all been paid off, the four issues of Preference shares can be considered gilt-edged Industrial investments.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

And so the Mexican revolution has broken out again! We have more than once, during the last six months, expressed the view that the statements which have appeared in many quarters minimising the importance of the trouble should be taken with a grain of salt. It is now alleged that the United States are unlikely to interfere. It would, perhaps, be better if they did; but, even so, it would be a long time before the country finally settled down.

In view of the great prosperity which is being enjoyed by the whole shipping trade, which appears likely to continue during 1913, at any rate, it seems rather curious that the Cumulative

Preference shares of Frederick Leyland and Co. should only be quoted at par. The present price includes 45 per cent. of arrears, and it seems more than probable that at least 10 per cent. of these will be paid up before the end of the year. We consider this issue a very promising speculative purchase.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not surprising that those Members of the House of Commons who are also railway directors walked out of the House last Thursday as a protest against the Government accepting the amendment to the Railway Bill. A year ago the Government gave a definite pledge to the Companies, the terms of which were but barely fulfilled by the Bill in its original form, and now it will have to be renewed in five years' time.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Premier Investment Company has joined the list of those trust companies proposing to increase their capital. When the directors issued their Report last week they stated that they considered the present time favourable for the employment of additional funds, and they propose to offer to existing shareholders 25,000 new £10 shares, thus bringing the capital up from £500,000 to £750,000.

## HIGH-YIELDING INVESTMENTS.

We are often asked to recommend investments which afford a return of between 5 and 6 per cent., with as little risk as possible, and we therefore propose this week to give some particulars of securities which might be combined as a small trust to return a high rate of interest.

It will be seen that the yield works out at £5 11s. 6d. per cent., and we want it to be clearly understood that there is a greater element of risk attached than would be the case if we had been giving a list to yield 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. or 5 per cent.

It can be taken as an axiom that a high yield is always accompanied by some compensating disadvantage, though not necessarily lack of security. It may be that the terms of repayment preclude any possibility of capital appreciation, as is the case with the Aranco Company's Debentures mentioned below. Another common feature of securities which look cheap is lack of marketability. An example of this is the 6 per cent. Bonds of the Argentine National Railway, which have no market over here, although dealt in fairly freely in Buenos Ayres.

Bankers, directors of insurance and trust companies, and many others who have large sums at their disposal and every facility for making inquiries are for ever searching for securities which are undervalued, and very few, if any, escape their notice.

Having pointed out the disadvantages attached to high yields, we should like to add that the list has been very carefully selected, and that we have endeavoured to take into consideration the various factors which go to make an attractive investment—

Nominal Value.	Price.	Income per annum.
	£ S.	£ S.
£100 Aranco Company 6 per Cent. Second Debentures - - - - -	101 0 -	6 0
£100 State of Rio de Janeiro 5 per Cent. Loan	94 5 -	5 0
\$1000 6 per Cent. Mortgage Bonds of Argentine National Bank - - - - -	88 (par)	5 5
£100 City of Concepcion 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	102 10 -	5 10
£100 Chinese 5 per Cent. Loan, 1912	93 10 -	5 0
	£479 5	26 15

The Aranco Company is now doing very well, and the profits, when announced, will probably exceed those of last year, which amounted to £67,882. The traffic receipts show considerable increases, and the ratio of working expenses is being steadily reduced, so that the position of the railway is improving, and the reports received from the collieries are encouraging. Behind the Second Debentures, to which we now draw attention, there ranks capital valued in the market at £672,000. These Debentures are redeemable by annual drawings at par, which prevents any possibility of their rising much above their present price; but the capital is covered about twice over by the assets.

The three millions of Rio de Janeiro (State) Bonds which were offered a short while ago at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$  met with a poor reception in the market owing to political troubles, and are now quoted at 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ , but seem to be worth several points more. The loan is secured on the whole of the State's revenue, and, in addition, a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. ad valorem tax on sugar was imposed at the time of issue. £165,000 is required annually to meet the service of these Bonds, which are the only external loan of the State, and the revenue is estimated at about four times this sum, so they appear very well secured.

We have referred to the Mortgage Bonds of the Argentine National Bank on several occasions. These are issued by the Bank in return for mortgage, and thence come on to the market. In addition to being secured on the mortgage, they are unconditionally guaranteed by the Argentine Government, and the yield compares very favourably with that of the direct Government obligations. They are a little difficult to deal with here, but any of the South American banks will undertake both the purchase and the collection of the coupons as they become due.

The issue of £100,000 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Bonds at par by the City of Concepcion met with a ready response, and made a welcome

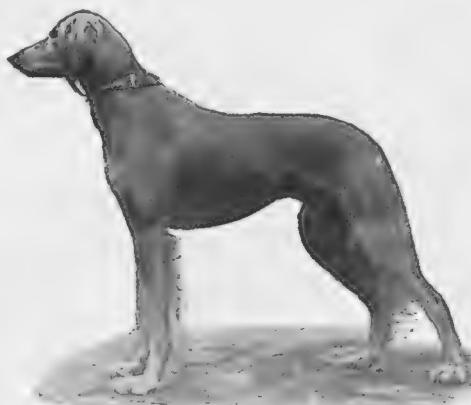
[Continued on page 230.]

# THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Good for the Skin.

Many things are excellent for the complexion, but nothing is better than Crème Simon. It is as well known over here as in Paris for its virtues; and most American ladies have jars of it, specially put up for travelling, in their trunks. Any chemist can obtain it. It is, however, necessary to see that the signature is right, as success always causes imitation. Crème Simon is a perfectly safe thing to use, as it does not encourage the growth of superfluous hair, and in it only the purest and best ingredients for the skin are found.

**Mythological Millinery.** Makers of the new small hats have sought some inspiration from mythology. There is a neat little reproduction in velvet of a Mercury cap. The moral is not pointed by the addition of the wings, which would indicate too clearly the source of the idea. Then there is a Minerva helmet in satin and in velvet and in straw. It speaks well for the sense of this goddess that her head-gear is remarkably comfortable. Diana also furnishes an idea for a modern

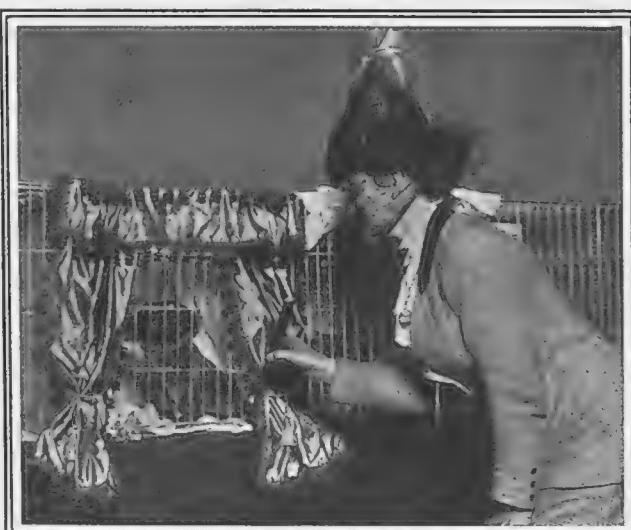


WINNER OF A THIRD PRIZE AT CRUFT'S DOG SHOW: THE HON. FLORENCE AMHERST'S ARABIAN GAZELLE HOUND SULTAN.

Sultan (by Majan—Nefer) was born on May 31, 1908.  
Photograph by Sport and General.



WITH HER ANDERSON MANOR TUKI AND ANDERSON MANOR SUME (CHAMPION AND FIVE FIRSTS): MRS. GORDON GRATRIX.



INVITED TO TAKE A LAST LOOK IN THE MIRROR: MR. A. E. COLLINS' PEKINGESE PUPPY, TE SING OF WINCHMORE, AT CRUFT'S DOG SHOW.



TWO MALTESE FIRST-PRIZE WINNERS: MISS V. WELLER WITH NEASDEN COQUETTE (RIGHT) AND NEASDEN MASHER.

Cruft's International Dog Show was held at the Agricultural Hall on the 12th, 13th, and 14th. In the classes for Japanese dogs Mrs. Gordon Gratrix's Anderson Manor Sume took five firsts and the championship. Her Anderson Manor Tuki (born April 5, 1911, by Tarro—Didi) took a first and a second.—Mr. A. E. Collins' Pekingese puppy, Te Sing of Winchmore (by Ch. Pekin Peri—Dot), was born on Sept. 28, 1912.—Miss V. Weller's Maltese Neasden Coquette and Mrs. L. Weller's Neasden Masher both took firsts. Neasden Coquette (by Ch. Chilliebury Masher—Bibsy) was born on June 18, 1908; Neasden Masher (by Ch. Chilliebury Masher—Neasden Coquette) was born on Dec. 22, 1910.

Photographs by Sport and General.

capote. A personage not mentioned in polite society, but to whom I may refer as Mephistopheles, god of evil, furnishes the smartest and most becoming of small capote models. The trimming sometimes consists of a tall and slender feather, which does not, however, present the appearance of having been dragged through the deepest recesses of that place said to be celebrated for company. It rather aspires towards the other region, specially recommended for climate.

#### Fragrant and Beneficial.

To have a fresh and beautiful skin one must use soap and other toilette necessaries of only the purest and best description.

that his Royal Highness—round whom our British love and hope centre—will have a few years of boyhood in which to see and enjoy the world before any responsibilities are thrust upon him. I hear that he is rather a grave lad now, but that when anything does amuse him, he laughs long and heartily, and it is good to hear him. Prince Ernest of Brunswick-Lüneburg, to whom Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia is engaged to be married, is now the only son of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and is in his twenty-sixth year. His elder brother was killed in a motor accident last year: another brother died previously through swallowing a cherry-stone.



WINNER OF THREE FIRSTS AND A SPECIAL AT CRUFT'S INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW: MRS. L. FAUDEL PHILLIPS AND HER CHOW CHOW BLUET.

Bluet (by Poyang—Pouchong) was born on March 23, 1910. She took three firsts and a special prize. Mrs. Faudel Phillips exhibited several other Chow Chows at Cruft's Show. Their names were Poyang, Ch. Queen of Hearts, and Polo of Amwell.

Photograph by Sport and General.

These are quite easily acquired, if only Royal Vinolia is remembered. It can be had from any chemist, and it embraces soap unassailable in quality, charming to use, and at moderate price. Powder of the daintiest, and most perfectly harmless, cream for the complexion which is protective and curative, and always perfectly satisfactory, perfumes delicate and haunting, shaving-sticks which are a joy to men, and many other capital preparations, are all at moderate cost, and all as good as it is possible to get them. It is a mistake to suppose that fancy prices command specially fine preparations: with Vinolia, the purchaser gets what he or she pays for—purity and goodness combined with the skill and experience which go to the making up of the various things so daintily issued to the public by the Royal Vinolia Company.

**A King's Daughter** The Kaiser's daughter is at last suited with a fiancé. She is a charming girl—clever, pretty, and with just enough of a will of her own to make her very interesting. I saw her often when she was over here with her parents two years ago. Then we were all wondering if she would, in course of time, be Queen over these realms. Looking at our laddie Prince, it seemed impossible: he appeared so delightfully a boy. The Princess seemed, in our sight, as she is, young and charming, but, as a fiancé of the Prince of Wales, much too grown up. One hopes



WITH HER CHAMPION DEERHOUNDS: MISS A. DOXFORD WITH IRMA OF RURITANIA (LEFT) AND JULIET OF RURITANIA.

Irma of Ruritania (born Feb. 11, 1911, by Ch. Rob Roy of Abbotsford—Somerset Sheila) took one first and championship. Juliet of Ruritania (born April 4, 1909, by Ch. The Laird of Abbotsford—Fair Rosamund of Abbotsford) took two firsts and reserve championship.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

*Continued from page 230]*  
exception among a long list of issues of which the underwriters had to take the largest part. This was not surprising, under the circumstances, and the issue is now quoted at 2 premium.

The prospectus appeared such a short time ago that we do not propose to recapitulate the details, but the fact that it is guaranteed, both as to principal and interest, by the Chilean Government makes its attractions clear.

The 1912 Chinese loan issued by Messrs. Birch, Crisp and Co., at the end of last year, met with a good deal of opposition, both in official and certain banking circles, but we look upon it as an excellent investment. It is secured upon the Salt Gabelle, which is amply sufficient for the purpose. China is a growing country and an honest country, and we consider the possibility of a default so remote as to be negligible.

Saturday, Feb. 15, 1913.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

S. J.—Provided the price of Copper holds for the next twelve months, the shares you mention should stand higher than at present; but the price of the metal is hardly a risk that can be disregarded.

A. J. G.—(We couldn't read your *nom-de-guerre*). We should sell (1) or (2) and arrange the remainder in the following order, (3), (4), and then (1) or (2).

LOADED DICE.—Many thanks for your letter. We are always pleased to receive criticism and information. The Company, as you say, has got rather a poor record, but, at the present price, we cannot help thinking the shares have fair prospects. Land values in South Africa, as you must know, are rising, and this Company owns over 1½ million acres, apart from mining and mineral rights. The latest cable states that satisfactory sales continue to be made, so the cash position should soon improve.

C. M. (Scotland).—The first refers to a group of Companies, registered in Canada, carrying on business in South America, chiefly public utilities. "Sardines" and "Old Masters" are two attractive things in oil—the first to eat, and the second to look upon.

VEVEY.—We will make some inquiries and answer next week.

F. P. W.—(1) The January output of tin was good, and the February output likely to be even larger. You had better hold, but take a profit when you see one. With regard to the other Company, the results at the end of 1912 were disappointing, but the January figures are very much better. The Preference seem all right, but the Ordinary are speculative.

The preliminary statement issued by the Arda Tobacco Company shows a very good result for the first year's trading. Net profits amounted to £42,809, as against £35,898 for the previous

year. After paying the dividends on the Preference and Preferred Ordinary, the directors propose to pay a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary, to place £10,000 to reserve, and to carry forward £5481.

Messrs. Maple and Co., in issuing their Report for 1912, announce that the directors recommend a dividend of 7½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and a bonus of sixpence per share, making, with the interim dividend paid in September, 15 per cent. in all for the year, which is the same as was distributed for 1911.

#### THE FINANCIAL NEWS, LIMITED.

##### 20 PER CENT. DIVIDEND IN A DIFFICULT YEAR.

The sixteenth annual general meeting of The Financial News, Ltd., was held on the 11th. inst. at the offices of the Company, 111, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Sir Ernest Flower (chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: "The dividends on both classes of Preference shares have been duly paid, and your own dividend is 20 per cent., made up of 5 per cent. paid ad interim last July, 5 per cent. now proposed, and a bonus of 10 per cent., also subject to your approval at this meeting. You will notice that our profits for the year under review amount to £19,590 7s. 9d., and that after the dispositions suggested in the report, we shall carry £3221 to this year's accounts. Unhappily, last year was an exceptionally difficult one from the newspaper point of view. It was marked by industrial strife at home in the early months, and this was succeeded by a European war, which disturbed, and to a large extent destroyed, the business of the autumn. When business is disturbed and revenue falls away, there is naturally a strong temptation to curtail expenses, so as to offset the diminution of income. In the case of the *Financial News* the excellence of the news service was maintained—in fact, it was enhanced in value and extent—throughout the whole of this trying period. The high standard which the leading financial daily must maintain renders its expenses correspondingly heavy. But, in spite of adverse circumstances in politics and trade, we not only maintained that standard—we advanced it, by embarking upon several new developments. As one item in our programme of leadership let me recall to you the unique and unprecedented experiment, successfully carried out by this journal, of taking a large party of British manufacturers from one end to the other of the Dominion of Canada. This undertaking, which was a complete success, and has added immensely to the prestige of your journal, was carried out by us in association with the Government of the Dominion of Canada."

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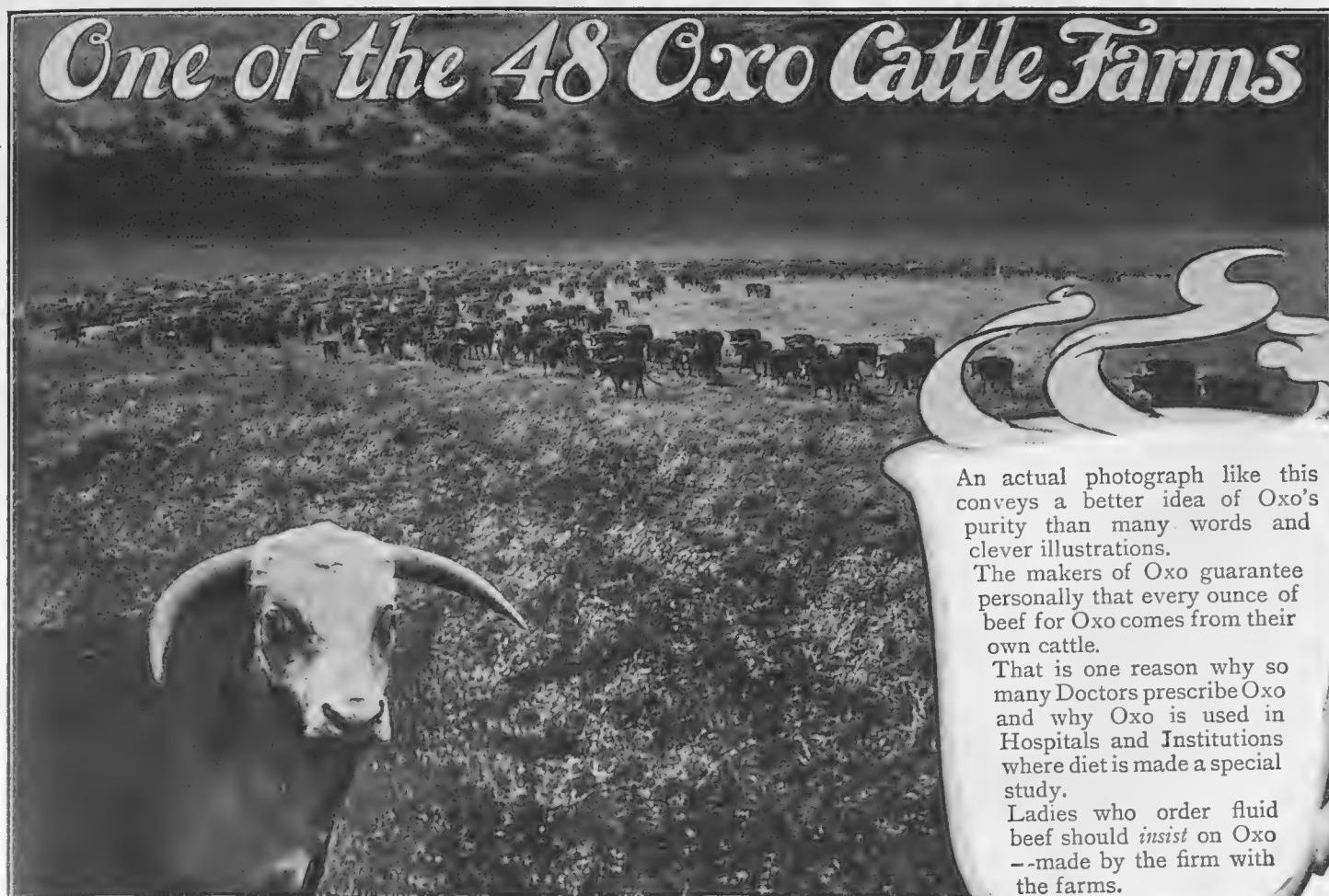
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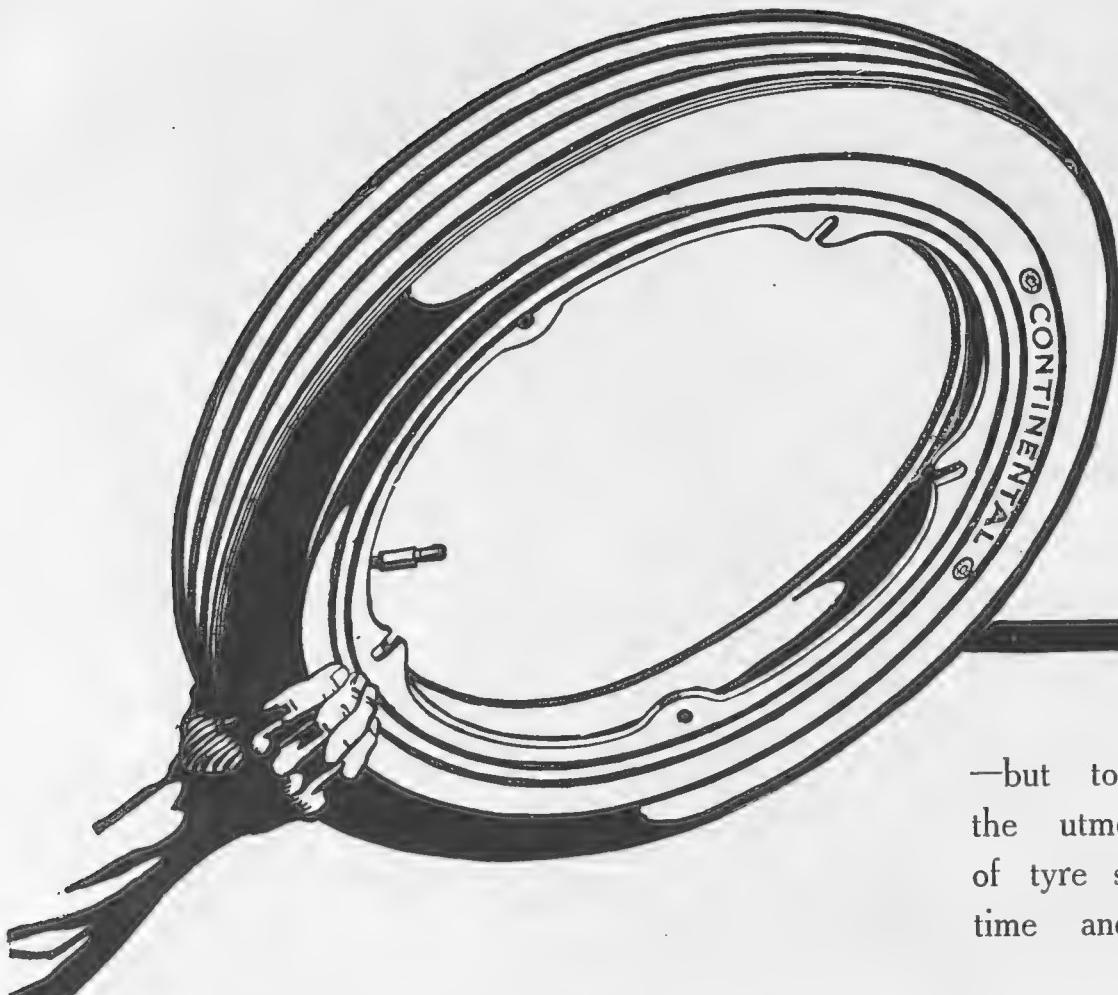
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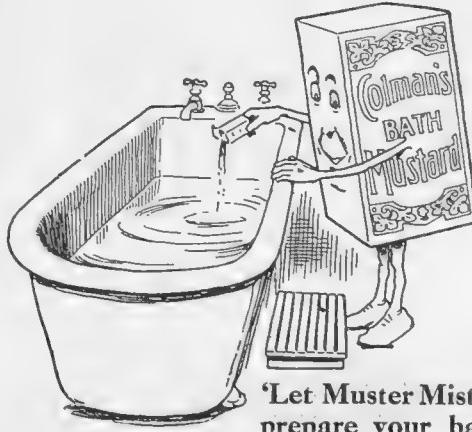
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**A remarkable interview with Mlle. Merlain, the reigning French Beauty who mounted to fame in a single night. She generously reveals her priceless secret for the first time to all Sketch Readers.**

*By Mlle. ADRIENNE LACOUVIER.*

In all my career as a newspaper writer, I never received an assignment with greater pleasure than that which instructed me to obtain, if possible, an interview with Mlle. Merlain during her stay in London. It was with some trepidation, however, that I sought her address, firmly bent upon

six inches in a single month, although for many years previously she had a flat, scraggy chest and a soft, flabby, absolutely undeveloped bust. She eloquently described the intense humiliation she once felt, her fear of appearing in evening dress, how men even seemed to shun her



gleaning some few scraps of information and viewing with my own eyes the wondrous form which newspapers have so widely proclaimed to be a "symphony in curves" and the exact modern counterpart of the classical Venus. For who could better advise her less-favoured sisters than the possessor of the figure that startled even blasé Paris by its flawless perfection, and which made her the sensation of the season at the artistically exacting French capital?

Many former experiences in interviewing or attempting to interview celebrities led me to expect encounters with numerous difficulties and obstacles in the form of officious secretaries, maids and what not, with which noted persons are prone to hedge themselves about. Imagine my surprise, then, upon being promptly ushered into the presence of the leading exponent of "the magnetism of curves" with no more formality than involved handing my card to her maid. Mlle. Merlain received me with gracious cordiality that instantly placed me at my ease, and there was about her that indefinable air of distinction and dignity which we unconsciously associate with women possessing perfect physical development and the magnetic personal charm that always accompanies it.

I easily recognised Mlle. Merlain from the pictures we see in the illustrated papers, but no mere photograph could do justice to the wonderful symmetry of form and the unconscious grace which marked her every movement as she conversed with me, nor could any camera portray the marvellous natural beauty of her complexion, the sparkling eyes, and magnetic personality, all forming the perfect embodiment of ravishing feminine charm and irresistible attraction. Hers is indeed the ideal figure which every imperfectly developed woman envies, and, on learning the object of my visit, Mlle. Merlain generously consented to reveal the exact nature of the process whereby she was able to obtain her perfect form and which developed her bust

as a woman of almost masculine appearance, and devoid of all feminine physical attraction. How marked is the contrast between this former pitiable state and the picture of superb and fascinating womanhood she now presents! The admiration and praise she now receives in a single day would turn an ordinary woman's head.

To explain in detail the method Mlle. Merlain used would somewhat overrun the space allotted to me for this article, but after much persuasion she agreed to dictate and have her secretary write out the necessary particulars, and arrangements have been made to post this valuable information absolutely free of cost to any readers of this paper sufficiently interested to send a penny stamp for postage. Mlle. Merlain has nothing whatever to sell, and refused to accept the slightest payment for her trouble, saying she has explained the method to many of her friends, who used it with remarkable success, and as it now appears to be practically infallible, she welcomes this opportunity to show her gratitude by giving the secret to *Sketch* readers. I might add here that the method can be used in the strict privacy of your home, and without diet, strenuous exercises, apparatus, dangerous drug preparations or similar inconveniences commonly associated with other methods for which I have seen extravagant claims made.

The arrangement with Mlle. Merlain has been made for the special benefit of *Sketch* readers only, and this article should be torn out and enclosed in your letter as evidence that you are entitled to receive the information. Simply address Mlle. Merlain, 805 P, Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., and I advise writing promptly as the offer expires in thirty days owing to the amount of trouble and work involved. Nevertheless, I consider it very kind and generous of her to subject herself to the inconvenience even for a short period, especially when we consider that she is not in business and has nothing to sell or gain by doing so.

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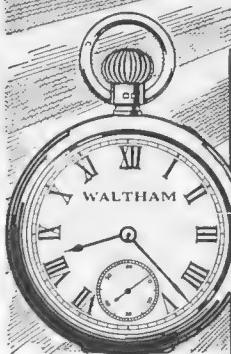
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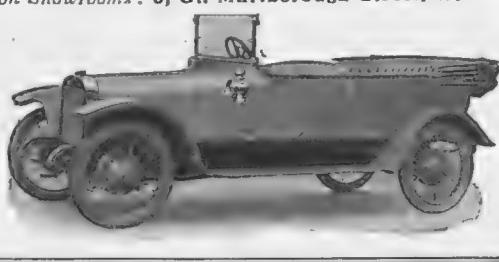
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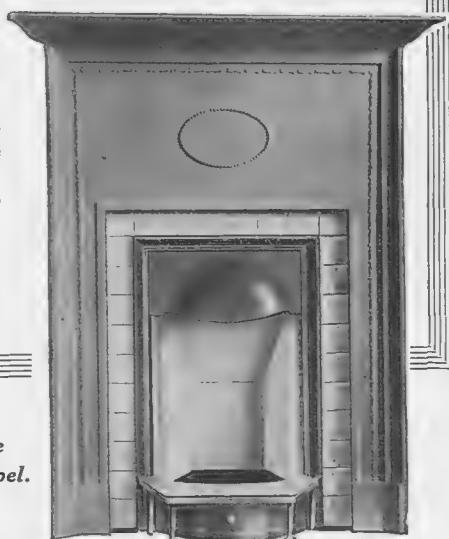
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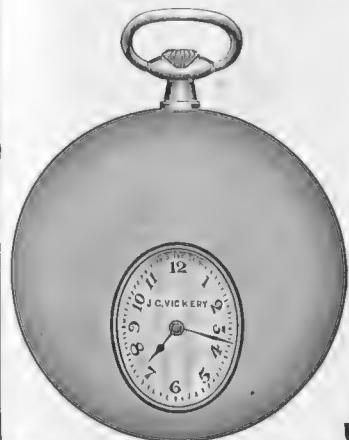
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## THE "GRIZZLY-BEAR" AND THE "TURKEY-TROT": FIGURES AND STEPS.

**O**N another page we give some photographs illustrating the dances known as the "Grizzly-Bear" and the "Turkey-Trot," together with a diagram of the figures and steps. As there was no room to explain these on the page, we here reproduce the diagram again to accompany the following details of the two dances.

In the first figure of the "Grizzly-Bear" the man advances, swinging, in time with the music, from right to left, and keeping as much on his toes as possible. The woman does the same; but moves backwards. First one, then the other, advances or retreats. The legs are slightly bent, to suggest the bear.

In the second figure, at the proper moment suggested by the rhythm, the man advances, with short, hurried steps, always with a slight swing. The woman does the same, but backwards.

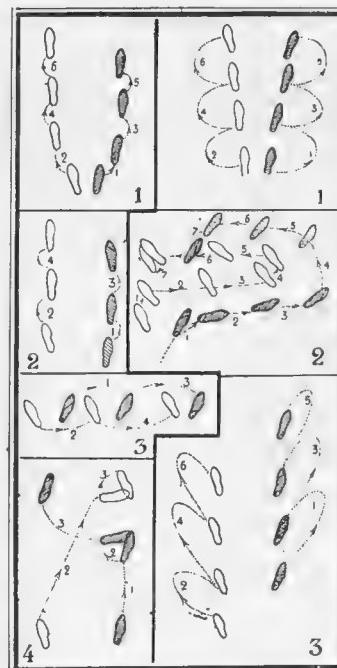
In the third figure the man starts with the right foot on one side, and brings back the left foot, sliding it gently beside the right. Then he starts again with the right foot, and so on.

The fourth figure consists of the step of the first figure executed while turning round. The man twists round towards the right on the right and left foot alternately.

Now, as regards the "Turkey-Trot": In the first figure the man jumps first on the right foot, slightly lifting the left leg, and then on the left foot, slightly raising the right leg. The woman makes the same movement, jumping on the left foot while the man jumps on the right.

In the second figure the man advances on the left by jumping several times on the left foot, with the right leg slightly raised, the body inclined to one side and resting entirely on the left leg. Then he begins the same movement on the right leg.

In the third figure the man jumps on the left foot while raising the right leg forward, and then does the same on the right foot while lifting the left leg backwards. The woman does the same step at the same time, but *vice versa*.



THE "GRIZZLY-BEAR" AND THE "TURKEY-TROT": A DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE FIGURES AND STEPS OF THE TWO DANCES.

Down the left-hand side of the diagram, beginning at the top, are the four figures of the "Grizzly-Bear" dance; on the right are the three figures of the "Turkey-Trot." These two dances are, of course, of American origin, and, as mentioned on the other page in this issue illustrating the subject, have provoked a great deal of criticism on both sides of the Atlantic. All depends, apparently, on the style in which they are performed. It is possible to dance them without the slightest suggestion of offence, and they have been on the programmes of dances given by hostesses who are beyond reproach.

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By GEORGE STEPHENSON.  
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"Topham's Folly" is not well written, and yet it is a notable book. As to "George"—well, yes! How is it that when women went to war they did so as plain Boadicea and homely Jeanne, and yet in these latter days of equality of the sexes, Georgina must take pen in hand only to sign herself a paltry "George"! "Topham's Folly" is a Victorian romance (paisleys were going out and dolmans had become *le dernier cri*), very finely and subtly so. Without any costuming or quaintness, the clock is moved back a long half-century over provincial England. And if only novel-readers will bear for an hour with a novel that is not "snappy"—for snappy "Topham's Folly" is not—they will be rewarded by a picture of English family life, sincerely thoughtful and quite beautiful in its distinction of character and circumstance. It is a *genre* that demands style, and that the result should be so excellent, lacking it, speaks columns of praise for a "George" who may prove a worthy inheritor of that feminine shield in literature.

"The Pearl-Stringer."

By PEGGY WEBLING.  
(*Methuen*.)

Miss Webling has sketched the career of two young women who, though friends, had scarcely anything in common. The pearl-stringer asked nothing of life; her friend, Rose, asked everything. Passion, romance, and pretty things were all in Rose's programme; though she was not untouched by that wistful dignity which is quite modern and more prevalent than men think (it has nothing to do with militancy), which makes women wish to find their happiness independently of men. "Ask, and ye shall have," is a philosophy older than Christianity, and Rose, on the whole, "had," though not precisely as she had planned. Nannie, whose life was fated to be spent stringing pearls for other people, gave instead of asking. And naturally she received her minimum. She never even gave up to her heart, for Mr. Rostron, a superior

[Continued overleaf.]

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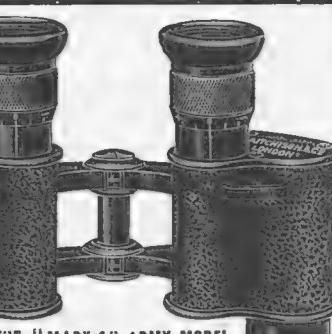
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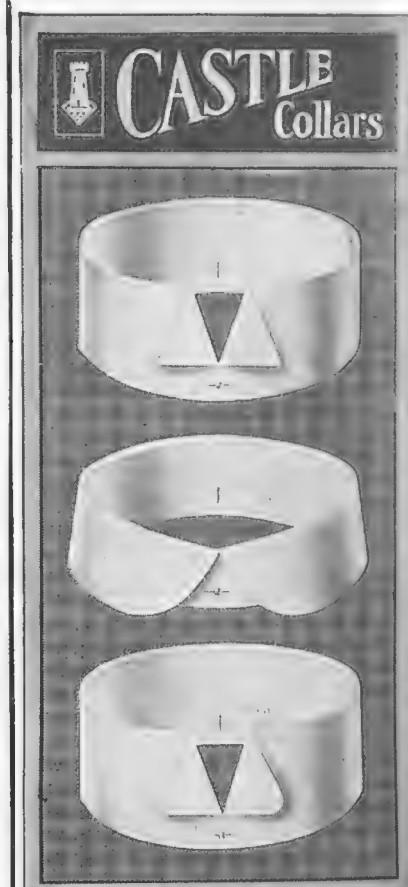
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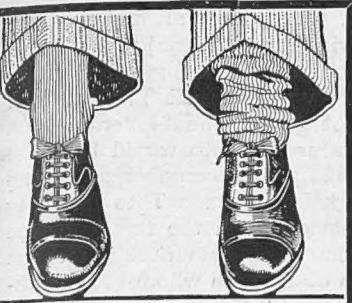


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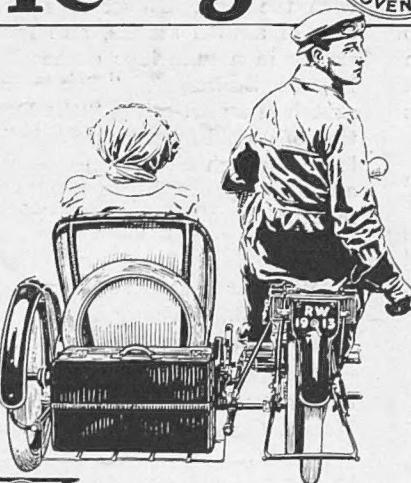


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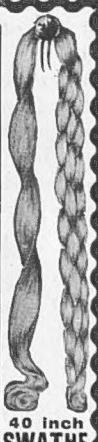
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person from the upper circle of Mayfair, was as blind and heartless and cold-blooded a prig as has ever graced, or disgraced, a love-story. The industry of pearl-stringing is prettily treated. It is such a feminine, a delicate and almost tender industry. Nannie is poetically in the picture with her restrained beauties of heart and person. Her day-dreams have the elusive quality of pearls; they are as gently radiant, and have some of their unearthly colour. One is glad for her when death ends her love episode. Death was so much kinder than love. Miss Webbing has been happy to hit upon a theme surely unused by novelists, and her wistful portrait of Nannie will henceforth hang pendant-wise from strings of pearls for many who read it.

"The Lady of the Canaries."  
By ST. JOHN LUCAS.  
(Blackwood.)

Several of the seven stories by Mr. St. John Lucas (the St. John is necessary as a distinction) which comprise this volume, are made out of the episodes peculiar to the sentimental traveller. And the adjective must be read in the best, the classic sense—the one that an eighteenth-century parson made immortal. The first sets the theme; for the lady of the canaries is a piteous governess driven from her situation by employers who wished tyrannically to marry her to their son and heir. In Venice she awaited a false lover, and found a true friend. There are people morally plain, just as there are people physically plain; and plainness is so much worse than ugliness in either case that it took a man—and a very chivalrous man—to find her interesting. His reward arrived with a moment of fine enthusiasm, in which "she was no longer a feather-headed little governess, but a passionate soul that cried for its mate . . . that feared to lose the one thing that made life splendid." The same note is finely recurrent in "The Red Admiral," and it finds a charming close in "The Troubles with a Bear in the Midi." When the devoted author had bought his bear from the Basque with the concertina, the Beautiful Russian Lady thanked him very prettily. "And now you will take him to England and he will live to a fine old age in your park, and you will never play the concertina to him. You have done a very good thing." I did not consider it a suitable occasion for explaining that all my vegetable and territorial possessions consisted of three window-boxes in a London flat, and that the prospect of my owning a park was about as probable as that of spending my declining years in the Kremlin." Even after the outraged hotel-keeper had been coaxed into allotting the second garage to the bear, there was the menu to discover. These are four of the possible

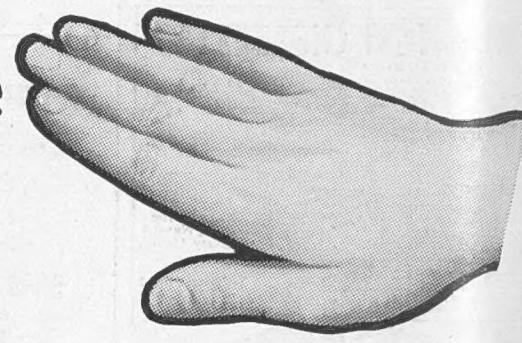
dishes: (1) Sons of prophets (and so, presumably, all men who are not too old. Holy Writ is the authority for this item); (2) Buns. (We had seen bears do it in the Zoological Gardens); (3) Old and faithful retainers. (V. Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale'); (4) Sugar. (We saw him do it)." Why does not some animal-lover make a garland of the lovable beasts of literature? Toto would be loved with the best. Never is a happy ending so acceptable as in the case of animal stories, and it is delightful to leave Toto fattening slowly in a luxurious domestic atmosphere with the family of the Female Suffragist. "Sanderson's Venus" is remarkable for the sketch of an art-critic, "the Don Juan of art with whom the reputation of no old master was safe," who passed "like a devouring pestilence through all the public and private galleries of Rome." These and the rest appertain not to the casual tourist, but to the Sentimental Traveller, a companion who never fails of entertainment.

We hear that the "Sanitas" Company, Limited, of Limehouse, London, E., have by Royal Warrant been appointed as manufacturers of disinfectant for the King's establishments.

Messrs. Alfred Goslett, of 127-131, Charing Cross Road, have been honoured with a Royal Warrant of Appointment by the King. Messrs. Goslett are chiefly known to motorists as the patentees of the "auto-ventilator," a neat invention for fitting to wind-screens to ensure a clear view of the road or to provide a rain-proof means of communication between the chauffeur and the occupants of the car. The firm are also suppliers of plate glass, etc., on a large scale, and those who are familiar with their high repute will not be surprised that the house has obtained royal approval.

In 1729, Mrs. Clements of Durham discovered the modern method of mustard-making. She trotted from town to town upon a pack-horse for orders, and when she had secured the patronage of George I. her mustard soon became the vogue. From that day forward its popularity has steadily increased; people have discovered that a good mustard, such as Colman's, freshly made, not only emphasises flavour, but assists digestion. And in the bath . . . ! How many a weary business man, sportsman, athlete and convalescent has blessed the revivifying properties of mustard. Those of our readers who have never experienced the delicious effect of a mustard-bath are missing one of the joys of life. Handy boxes containing one dozen cartons of Special Bath Mustard have now been placed upon the market by Messrs. J. and J. Colman, Ltd.

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But Antexema is not merely a cure for bad hands. It cures every skin illness, in any part of the body, at any age, and however apparently incurable. Eczema of all kinds, pimples, blackheads, blotches, bad legs, ringworm, rashes, chaps, chilblains, scalp troubles, and every other diseased, sore, or irritated condition of the skin, of children or adults, is conquered by Antexema. That's why you need it. Begin your cure to-day. Remember that delay in skin illness is dangerous, and the trouble that is easily cured to-day becomes serious if neglected.

### Do Your Duty to Your Skin

Do your duty to your skin, and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or direct post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe. After Antexema has cured you, the regular use of Antexema Soap will prevent any return of your skin trouble.